PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

SEP 6 1939

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XVIII. No. 442 (New Series) SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1939 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	233
INDIA IN THE CRISIS	235
GREECE WITHOUT FREEDOM	237
A LONDON DIARY	238
THIS ENGLAND	239
DEFENCES OF THE SOVIET UNION—II	239
ON GETTING THINGS DONE. By Y. Y.	241
THE ROAD TO TOKYO. By Sagittarius	242
DIVES AND LAZARUS. By E. F. Benson	242
THE MOVIES. By Cyril Connolly	244
LES SYLPHIDES. By Louis MacNeice	245
PEACE AND WAR AIMS, 1939: Letters from Otto Strasser; Leonard Woolf; F. W. Meredith; Gerald Bailey; Sir Charles Grant Robertson; Lancelot Hogben	245
CORRESPONDENCE	248
Harry Broadbent; "Connor Down"; Jan Tomaszewski; K. O'Brien; Ex-V.A.D.; Howard Jones; Frank J. Ward.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett	250
REVIEWS:	
That we are for it. By C. E. M. Joad	251
The American in France. By Stephen Spender	252
New Novels. By Anthony West	254
Guides for the Foreigners. By T. C. Worsley	255
A Valiant Woman. By Christopher St. John	256
Beware of the Pen. By William Plomer	256
Permanent Gardening. By R. G. E. Willison	257
SHORTER NOTICES	257
BOOKS TO COME. By Marie Scott-James	258
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	258
CROSSWORD	260
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives	262

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenæum, Week-end Review.*

IN the war of diplomatic manoeuvre centred, at the moment, on Danzig, Poland has successfully parried a thrust which may, or may not, have been intended as a feint. Last week-end the Polish Customs officers on the East Prussian frontier were reported to have received orders—from what source is not clear—that they were to discontinue their functions forthwith. On receipt, however, of a "warning" from the Polish Commissioner-General—whose Note was apparently not far removed from an ultimatum—the Danzig Senate disavowed responsibility for the alleged orders, and gave verbal assurances that the Polish Customs would not be the subject of *faits accomplis*—an undertaking which does not exclude the possibility of later, official requests for the opening of the East Prussian frontier. Herr Förster, the Danzig Gauleiter, has paid a further visit to Berchtesgaden. On the instructions which he there received the immediate future of the Free City depends. It seems unlikely that the Führer would intentionally precipitate a European war until after his loudly heralded speech at Tannenberg on August 27th. On the other hand, the slogan of the Nazi Party Rally which begins on September 3rd is "Peace," and if he gambles on the non-completion of the Russian alliance, he may hope by a lightning coup to win a strategic position from which he can proclaim his peace terms to the world.

Mobilisation Near Its Peak

By the third week of August Germany will have nearly two million men—approximately the limit of her present resources—under arms. The crescendo of newspaper "hatred" aimed at Poland and the Western democracies suggests strongly that the war of nerves is to reach a climax about the end of this month. Discussions continue, however, behind the scenes and the world would like to know what passed between Lord Kemsley, a close friend of Mr. Chamberlain when he visited Hitler. If Hitler can devise a formula which would enable Mr. Chamberlain to persuade Colonel Beck that changes in the status of the Free City could be effected without constituting a threat to the integrity of Poland, the virtual reincorporation of Danzig in the Reich may be arranged "by a twist." The heavy German concentrations round Mährisch-Ostrau in Slovakia, and on the line of the Oder, lend support to the view that a lightning blow may be planned. On the other hand, Slovakia might be a base for an enveloping movement directed not against Poland, but against Budapest, where the Government is becoming increasingly restive about the activities of the Hungarian Nazis. Hitler presumably still means to treat Poland as

he has Czechoslovakia and, if possible, without war. In any case it suits him to increase his concentration on Poland's Southern frontier: if Poland remains firm he may think Hungary safer game for the autumn of 1939.

Spain and the Axis

Count Ciano's visit to Madrid was not followed by the announcement of a military alliance between Italy and Spain, and General Franco has declared that Spain will be " neutral " in the event of war. It is suggested by some of Franco's supporters in this country that this is a justification of their attitude. They are either very blind or very hard pressed to find an anodyne for their patriotic consciences. A nominally neutral Spain is in fact exactly what the Axis wants; it provides excellent harbours and air bases for the Axis under the cover of neutrality, while, as an open ally which could be attacked by France and Britain, war-weary and impoverished Spain would be a doubtful asset. Everything shows that the Fascist victory over the traditionalists is almost complete. Inspired stories about a moderate monarchist government under Alfonso, which would be favourable to the democracies and anxious for British money and trade, are already discarded. The Falange, inspired by the ideas and the support of the Nazis, has won a triumphant victory. How far it can carry out the complete Fascist programme it proclaims remains to be seen; the internal divisions in Franco's ranks are not of course ended; the tradition of resistance is still strong among the Spanish people and guerrilla warfare continues in the Asturian hills.

Japan and the Axis

Two parallel and inter-related discussions are now proceeding in Tokyo. The Japanese leaders are considering whether to bring Japan wholly and openly into the Axis bloc; Sir Robert Craigie, meanwhile, is conferring about British rights in China. The Japanese complain that Britain is wasting time on these negotiations and their recent renewal of anti-British activities in China may be regarded as a hint that they demand speedy decisions. British ships have been deliberately bombed by the Japanese. There is a renewal of insults to British nationals inside Tientsin, and there is now a threat to the anthracite mines. Japan, in a word, intends both to make Britain collaborate in the conquest of China and also to get rid of British interests in the parts of China she has conquered. The three immediate points at issue are the currency, in which America and France have interest as well as Britain, and on which a stand may yet be made. The second question is the silver in Tientsin, in which America is not interested and which Britain has not yet agreed to hand over. The third question concerns the fate of the four Chinese whose asylum with the British authorities was the excuse for Japan's siege of Tientsin. On this point there are ominous signs of Britain giving in. The *Times* correspondent states that " the workings of justice are not a matter for diplomatic bargaining," but it is obvious that that is just what in such cases the workings of justice are. It is now pretended that these men may be handed over provided Japan presents a case which a British Grand Jury would regard as a True Bill. " In that case no consideration of political prestige would prevent the British authorities from handing the suspects over to the Japanese-controlled Government for trial in the appropriate court." As there would be no defence, and the Grand Jury would in this case be the British authorities accepting under pressure evidence prepared against the accused by their executioners in Tokyo, we doubt whether such formulae will save Britain's face if these men are handed over to the Japanese.

" Mails Only " By Air

The announcement that Imperial Airways is compelled to suspend, until next year, further passenger bookings on its services to South Africa and Australia is a sorry prelude to the establishment of the corporation which is about to take over the business of the two principal operating companies. The reasons given for this enforced decision are an explanation rather than a satisfactory excuse. The weight of mail whose carriage is asked for has greatly increased; it is thought desirable to carry ampler fuel reserves on difficult sections of the routes; accidents have reduced the fleet of Empire flying-boats from 30 to 22; and the expansion of the R.A.F. has so impeded the company's recruitment of trained pilots that it is now faced with a shortage. Even so, Imperial Airways and the Civil Aviation Department of the Air Ministry seem guilty, between them, of failure to order in time—either in this country or in the United States—aircraft of the types, and in the numbers, likely to be required. The present retrograde step is, on the face of it, evidence of short-sighted and irresolute planning, for which bureaucratic red tape may have been partly to blame. The position will be improved when the American " Cyclone " engines now ordered (why not sooner?) for the Ensign class are installed; but in the meanwhile the obvious solution would surely be to place a few R.A.F. bombers at the disposal of the Overseas Airways Corporation for the carriage (particularly round Christmas time) of the Empire mails.

Colonial Trusteeship

Regarded as part of " appeasement " policy, the simple transfer of colonial territories to Germany is a proposition which is neither practical politics nor defensible from the standpoint of the interests of the native populations. Yet, in the long run, Britain's title to possess colonies must rest on the fulfilment of two conditions. We must resist all temptations to exploit our colonial possessions on " closed door " lines, and we must prove convincingly that we are fulfilling adequately our duties as trustees for the native peoples of the lands we have acquired. In the latter respect there is little enough ground for complacency. The chief charge against our administration is not one of injustice, but it stands condemned for many years of apathy and inefficiency. In the West Indies, for example, as Major Orde Browne's report on labour conditions, published this week, grimly emphasises, penury, over-crowding and bad housing are the fruits of the Colonial Office's failure to realise that depression in the price of the islands' main crops has wrecked their whole economy and made planned reconstruction (which Britain must finance) essential. At the Liberal Summer School Mr. Ramsay Muir reiterated his familiar thesis that all colonies should be supervised by the League of Nations—a scheme admirable in theory, but attended, in the present state of the world, by formidable administrative difficulties. In the meanwhile there is much to be

said for a Standing Parliamentary Committee to keep watch over colonial affairs. The Government, which has asked for time to consider this suggestion, will be pressed, we trust, when Parliament reassembles, to adopt it.

News from the First Nazi Colony

How the Nazis would administer any colonies which fell into their hands can be gauged from their policy in Bohemia and Moravia. The forests of Czechoslovakia were a most valuable part of the national wealth and much of them had been taken over and scientifically developed by the State. On June 2nd the directors of the Administrative Board and seven other high officials were arrested, on no specific charge, and one hundred officials were imported from the Reich to take over. The Czech Minister of Agriculture has been instructed to have no contact with these new members of his department! On this land which, with estates confiscated from the Jews, totals 1,200,000 acres, the Nazis have openly stated that they intend to plant 250,000 German colonists. This will mean that artificial German minorities will be created in what are now purely Czech districts. Already 1,200 huts have been built for the German colonists, Czech schools have been commandeered, and long lines of lorries are daily carrying loads of timber away to Germany. Systematic plunder, disregarding all the rules of scientific forestry, has started, and timber, which was formerly removed by night, is openly removed in broad daylight.

Two Speeches

When Doctor Benes arrived in Cambridge to speak to the Liberal Summer School, he must have been struck by the contrast between the wild enthusiasm of his American reception and the efforts of the British Government to deprive his visit of any political significance. Not only was the title of his speech "The future of democracy" considered too subversive for an English audience, and changed on official advice to "Politics as Science and Art," but the newsreel companies, one of which had already obtained permission to film the occasion, were suddenly smitten with official nerves; and hundreds of Czech refugees, who had wished to greet their Premier, were refused permission by the police to demonstrate outside the theatre. Both in the speech itself and in answers to questions, Dr. Benes was compelled to use the greatest discretion, but the audience was able to read between the lines and gave him a great reception. Speaking the same day at a Conservative rally at Woodstock, Sir John Simon chose the occasion to deliver a eulogy of all that Mr. Chamberlain had done for us at Munich.

Lord Samuel and Conscientious Objectors

At the Liberal Summer School Lord Samuel is reported to have made the following criticism of the conscientious objector: "Because a man's conscience tells him that this or that is the right thing to do, it does not follow it is the right thing. Conscience may err." Coming from Colonel Blimp such a remark would have caused no comment beyond perhaps such as is involved in being included in *This England*. Coming from a Liberal, a Jew and a trained philosopher the remark is so extraordinary as to need some special explanation. We all know that conscience may err. The argument for recognising the right of conscientious objection is just that on some matters the will of the State and the opinion of the majority is not sufficient to justify the suppression of a sincerely held conviction. We can scarcely believe that Lord Samuel is now a Totalitarian or that he seriously wishes us to believe that the early Christians ought to have burnt incense to Caesar, that Antigone should have obeyed Cleon, that every martyr in history has been in the wrong, or that the Jews ought to do everything the Nazis tell them.

Oxford's Pyramus and Thisbe

When Baedeker's *England* is next revised, a new and double-starred item will have to be inserted into his description of Oxford, if last month's Chancery decision on "The Cutteslowe Walls" is not reversed in a Higher Court. These remarkable walls are built across the two roads, which provide access to the main road for the inhabitants of a Council Estate, and are intended to preserve the tone of the high-class houses adjoining. The Council has tried every method of demolishing them. Finally it hit on the device of putting a steam-roller through them late at night and declaring the roads on the private estate public highways next morning. But the stratagem failed, since it was held that, though the road up to the walls on both sides is now public, the nine inches underneath the walls is still the property of the Company. Private property still comes before public welfare, and Oxford is still the home of lost causes.

INDIA IN THE CRISIS

THE war of nerves in which the Axis has embroiled us had as a consequence the disturbance of our field of vision. The limelight illumines with an exaggerated intensity some regions of Europe and the Far East, only to plunge the rest of the earth's surface into shadow. In one of the darker regions that elude our attention the people of India, at a pace difficult to measure, are moving towards a major political crisis. The scheme of Federation imposed at Westminster should now be nearing the moment for realisation. Its authors dispensed with the consent of the main body of Indian opinion, but constitutional propriety required the voluntary adherence of the Princes. At their meeting in Bombay in June they unanimously passed a resolution by which they declared it "unacceptable." Its terms suggested that they might be prepared to bargain over the conditions of their accession, but they have pitched their claims high, and if the Paramount Power were to satisfy them, it would thereby destroy whatever slight chance there may be that the main body of British Indian opinion can ever be induced to work Federation on Sir Samuel Hoare's pattern. The Princes take their stand on a stubborn interpretation of their own sovereign immunity from interference, and they have done it at a moment when Indians, both within the States and outside them, are massing their forces as never before to make an end of their autocracy and misrule. In his statement of June 10th on their behalf, their Chancellor, the Jam Sahib, did indeed concede the case for far-reaching reforms. There should be "a clear demarcation between the personal expenditure of the Ruler and the State

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

expenditure": their laws should be "codified," and their judiciary "properly manned." But there was no suggestion of any advance, however tentative, towards representative government, while the insistence on "an adequate police force with effective modern arms" seemed to look towards a future of coercion. Confident that the Paramount Power must lean upon them as the one reliable conservative force in India, the Princes are maintaining a stiff front alike towards it and towards their own subjects. Even States like Mysore and Travancore, which used to be classed as progressive, are now engaged in a career of repression.

Few of us have any illusions about the character of the majority of these States. Most of them, to begin with, are too small to survive as sovereign units, even within a Federation, and some of them are in extent and population mere parishes, which could not support a modern administration, even if they were freed from the incubus of maintaining the pomp of their rulers. Congress reckons that only twenty-one out of nearly six hundred are large enough to justify a separate existence. We all know the broad facts about these autocracies. Only one State, Aundh, and that a small one, has conceded responsible government. Only a minority boast of representative councils, but their members are often the ruler's nominees, and their powers consultative only. In none of them do the subjects enjoy any recognised civil rights of assembly and free speech, save at the ruler's pleasure. In few of them is his privy purse separated from the public expenditure: he taxes, that is to say, and spends as he pleases.

Beyond these verifiable facts stretches a penumbra of extortion and violence difficult to penetrate. One catches a glimpse of it, however, when some aggravation of the usual misrule drives the people to desperation. Faced the other day with demands for reform backed only by passive protest, the ruler of the little State of Limbdi in Kathiawar is said to have retaliated by organising bands of gangsters who beat, looted and burned. That is an *ex parte* statement, which one might be disposed to treat as exaggerated, were it not that six thousand persons out of a population of forty thousand were driven into flight and took refuge in neighbouring territories. The same phenomenon has repeated itself in several of the small States of Orissa. An aggravation of the normal poverty that curses this beautiful but backward region led to the formation in several States of peasant leagues which began to petition for the redress of their economic grievances. The result was a repression so severe that from the States of Dhenkanal and Talchar between twenty and thirty thousand peasants left their homes and fled into Orissa, which has a Congress Ministry. When one enquires into their grievances, one seems to be, not in the twentieth century under the British flag, but somewhere in feudal Germany on the eve of the Peasants' War. There prevails throughout the States of this region a system of unpaid forced labour for the construction of roads and buildings, which latter may serve only the ruler's convenience. The peasants are, moreover, required to furnish free the materials for buildings of great variety, which are rarely of any benefit to themselves. They must perform a number of "servitudes" (to use the appropriate medieval word) to the feudal ruler, furnish milk when he feasts, repasts when he hunts, and the like to all his officials and retainers who may enter their villages. There is, moreover, no check upon him whenever he is pleased to rack-rent them by raising the assessment of their lands. Such, in the more backward of these States, is the world that the Paramount Power, while its Residents look on, maintains in the last resort by its arms. Such relatively advanced States as Mysore present, needless to say, a picture widely different from that of backward Orissa, but each grade has its own problems, and nearly everywhere there is unrest, answered by the rifles and lathis of the police and by mass imprisonment.

The unrest is not altogether spontaneous. Slowly, with caution, and as yet only partially, Congress has departed from the policy of ignoring the Indian States, which Mr. Gandhi used to enforce. Even now, it holds back the local discontent as often as it helps to organise it. But the logic of its problem has compelled it at length to see in the States the key position for India's future freedom. Mr. Gandhi is now, as his expectation of life shortens, very evidently the realist and the moderate, bent upon some tangible achievement. He over-ruled the younger generation when he decided to give provincial autonomy a trial. The system has worked on the whole with astonishing smoothness. Under certain conditions it is even conceivable that he might consent to work the incomparably less promising experiment of Federation. But not even he, with his almost theocratic authority, dare attempt to work it, if the Princes can play in it the part which Sir Samuel Hoare's Act seems to assign to them. With 40 per cent. of the seats in the Upper and 33 per cent. in the Lower House, they would dominate United India in the interests of reaction. This feudal landed class was called in to balance both the new capitalistic India and the Hindu masses—the peasants, industrial workers and lower middle class, which form as yet a fairly solid radical block. With the Muslims still under conservative leadership, the Princes would hold Indian democracy in permanent check. There is only one way of turning this position, and that is the way that Congress, with Mr. Gandhi's approval, has finally chosen. The people of the States must be helped to win democracy. So soon as most of them are so far transformed as to be in a position to send up a freely elected delegation to the Federal legislature, the main objection to participation will be removed. The case against the Viceroy's unlimited veto and the reservation of most of the major fields of policy would still remain, but against these a popular legislature could struggle with some hope. What Indians will not do is to collaborate in the creation of a mis-representative federal legislature that would thwart India's aspirations in India's name.

What in this situation the Imperial Government is likely to do is in all probability to postpone Federation indefinitely. It cannot allow the Princes to blackmail it, but neither is it ready to dispense with them as a serviceable wedge for the purpose of dividing a still subject India. In effect it will fall back on the plan of the Simon Commission—provincial autonomy with no change at the Centre. Its only thinking about the future is disclosed by the alarming emergency legislation that concentrates all the powers of government in the event of war in the Viceroy's hands. A less auspicious provision for a struggle that will try India's allegiance severely, it would be difficult to imagine. The struggle, therefore, will continue, and as it grows more tense the chances are that the peoples of British India and the States will feel themselves united, not merely against the feudal Princes, but against the British Raj. All that was gained in the way of co-operative goodwill by provincial autonomy will in this long struggle be jeopardised. It is true that the Viceroy has spoken plainly enough about the grosser abuses of princely rule, the scandal of the unlimited privy purse, for example. But little, if anything, is gained for political appeasement until the people of the States tax themselves through a representative House. To put the issue bluntly, we can hope neither for Federation, nor in the dangers that may confront us for a loyal and contented India, until most of the States enjoy at least the same minimum of democratic autonomy that the British provinces possess.

The difficulties in the way are commonly exaggerated. Not even if they procure "effective modern arms" for their police, could the Princes stand up for long against the will of India's millions without the support of the Paramount Power. The moment it declares for a higher standard of civilisation, including the prompt grant of representative government in the more advanced States, and communicates its will unmistakably to its Residents, the end of autocratic feudalism will come after no great delay. When two or three of the greater Princes have yielded, the whole of this gaudy anachronism will totter. The case is clear on grounds of civilisation and humanity. But prudence when we look into the perilous future has also its counsel to give.

GREECE WITHOUT FREEDOM

WHEN Italy took Albania, the Greek dictator (General Metaxás), fearing a sudden attack on Corfu, begged Great Britain for a guarantee. Not being a Czech, he received the guarantee. But this same General Metaxás has this summer sent officers of the Greek police to Vienna, to study the methods of the Gestapo. What then is the present regime in Greece, and where does it stand?

General Metaxás himself recently claimed that his regime was not an imitation of the German or Italian, for "it is based not on a single Party, however large, but on the whole Greek people." There is a grain of truth there: Greece has as yet no Fascist party. For Metaxás was not, like Hitler or Mussolini, a gifted politician able to build a big party by playing up retrograde instincts. As a staff officer he did well in the Balkan Wars and had the sense, as early as 1915, to warn his Government against adventures in Asia Minor; but as a parliamentary politician he was a failure—he had, even in the last Greek parliament, only six supporters. Yet he became dictator—why? Greek parliamentary government was, it is true, in a rather bad way. For this there were peculiar reasons. In the Great War the Allies, by intervening in Greek politics, had divided the nation irreparably into Venizelists and Constantinists; the executions that followed the Anatolian disaster of 1922 made the feud doubly irreparable; of the restless changes of government the greater part answered more to the changing balance of rival groups of officers than to the results of elections; the people came to accept each new government with futile resignation, yet to discuss politics with personal and humourless bitterness; and finally Venizelos, after losing the elections of 1932 and 1933, put himself at the head of a military and naval revolt which failed. This meant that the only party strong enough to make a stand for constitutional government had shown itself unfit to do so, and that all Venizelist officers were dismissed, leaving the armed forces wholly in the hands of reactionaries. Yet even so, a regime like the present could hardly have come to power but for a series of accidents—six Prime Ministers or ex-Prime Ministers, including Venizelos, dying within a few months. The King of Greece had made Metaxás Minister of War and vice-Premier in the Cabinet of Demertzis, in spite of the little support he had won; and when Demertzis died, Metaxás automatically took his place. He lost no time in provoking a general strike by announcing that the Government would annex to the State the funds of all collective organisations. Then, on the night before the projected general strike, he seized all the public buildings and communications, using the pretext of Communism in the usual way. This is how, on August 4th, 1936, Greece became a dictatorship.

Having no Fascist party and no popular support, General Metaxás has a hard struggle to keep in power. His methods are unoriginal. For all his brave words about not imitating other regimes and not relying on a single party for support, he is busy creating a youth movement complete with uniforms and Fascist salute, and in June he suppressed the Boy Scouts as dangerous rivals. Two years ago, if you drove through the Greek countryside in a car, peasants would greet you with a charming gesture of the right hand, more like a wave than a salute. Now this Greek gesture of unknown age is dying out, and the children give you instead a salute aped from the lands of the Axis. This is only a beginning, but the censorship, the false propaganda and the terror—mild by Nazi standards but still a terror—are in full swing. The censorship is at least as strict as that of Germany. Outgoing letters and messages are very thoroughly eavesdropped, and foreign press correspondents have a hard time. As for the Greek newspapers, they may not print a word without first submitting it to the censorship, which controls not only what they may print but how they make it up. Some journalists have resigned in disgust, others have been forced to resign, while newspaper publishers, wishing to retire, have been told that their newspapers will be carried on under their own name. Not content with suppression, the Government of Metaxás uses invention—in fact, systematically falsifies the history of Greece. Children are taught the history of the Balkan Wars without a mention of Venizelos! On July 5th a hack of the regime told the new youth movement that the Greek State had been "disarticulated" from the death of Capodistrias (in 1831) to 1936; not his to remind them that in that now so despised period Greece doubled her size and strength, largely through the unity and discipline of the Balkan War period. General Metaxás himself asserted, on July 3rd, that "during the last twenty years which preceded 1936, Hellenism went through a frightful crisis . . . which extended to all its fields of action." Why, after all, should he remind his subjects that between 1922 and 1930 parliamentary Greece settled a million and a half refugees in a poor country which in 1921 had had just over five and a half million inhabitants, or that, only eight years after the bitter exodus from Asia Minor, parliamentary Greece buried the hatchet and made friends with Turkey? For all its faults parliamentary Greece had great achievements to its credit; but the deluded members of the new youth movement will soon give the credit to Metaxás.

And the terror? If he ever attracts a nickname, Metaxás should be called "the man who loved islands." In Greece to-day people are arrested for their opinions and then, without trial, kept under house arrest or sent to one of "the isles of Greece." There, if they are well-known and well-off, they will be quite comfortable; but if they are little known they may be tortured in Nazi fashion, and if they are poor they may starve. There was, it seems, a good deal of brutality at first, but opponents of Metaxás admit that there is little now. The real hardship is that people sent to the islands get from the State 10 drachmae a day (perhaps tenpence a day in purchasing power) to cover all their needs. Sometimes even this is held up for several weeks or even months, and none of these people may work for money. Their fate depends largely on the local peasants and on the water supply of the island where they are. On some islands they have formed collectives, in which they can live more cheaply, build, perform plays, educate each other, and organise friendly relations with the peasants. The general opinion is that between 3,000 and 5,000 people are confined to the islands. A sign that prisons have run short is that the prison of Nauplia, condemned some time ago, is still in use. Kafaudaris, a distinguished ex-Prime Minister, is among the compulsory islanders, and so are a good many ex-officers. The government takes special pains to keep ex-officers apart from each other; and the other day, Mr. Tsouderos, Governor of the Bank of Greece and a man of whom many had begun to speak of as a possible future Prime Minister, suddenly resigned and was put under house arrest. In short, Metaxás sees to it that no organised opposition may arise.

Unorganised opposition there is, and on a very large scale. There was even, last summer, a rebellion in Crete, quickly hushed up; but in general the opposition to Metaxás is ineffectively bitter. In contrast to the Czechs, whose situation is incomparably more tragic, the Greeks seem to make no jokes about their Government. What they do is to believe every rumour if it tells against the Government and nothing the Government says even if it is true. For example, very many of them are convinced that Metaxás has achieved no social progress at all, not even any effective rearmament. Again, the King of Greece is very unpopular because he promised to maintain the Constitution and broke that promise in less than a year, and because he betrays little interest in the Greek people; but what increases his unpopularity is the wide belief in the rumour that he exports large sums of money to England. When Tsouderos was arrested, rumours swarmed. One was that he had caused offence by protesting against the transfer to Italy of £150,000—the dowry of Princess Irene, who has recently married the Duke of Spoleto. All this gossip is entirely the fault of the dishonest Government of present-day Greece. If a Government suppresses the truth and tells lies

to its people, it must expect them to believe unflattering rumours. The modern Greeks are "political animals" in the vulgar sense of the phrase, not in Aristotle's own sense; and these "political animals," forcibly deprived of news and political activity, live on rumour. Yet one thing has sharply checked the Greek people's opposition to Metaxás—the rape of Albania. Greeks who hate the present regime are none the less glad to have a soldier at their head.

In truth, Metaxás' Government is far less brutal than Hitler's or Mussolini's and not a bit aggressive. It takes great pains to keep the reconciliation with Turkey unclouded, and it is quite clearly trying to reduce Germany's dangerously large share of Greek trade. Some improvements made by Metaxás in the social services are real, especially the campaign against tuberculosis. How the minimum wage will work it is too early to say—if only because the cost of living in Greece is high and seems to be rising: taking the cost in 1929 as 100, it was 99 in 1933, 105.4 in 1936, and last year 113.1. On national defence Metaxás has spent well and expertly, but the loss of all the Venizelist officers, including one-third of the naval officers, has been a grave handicap. Of dangerous minorities Greece is free, for the exchange of populations reduced enormously the Bulgarian and Turkish minorities, as well as giving Greece a million and a half more Greeks for cannon-fodder and money-making. The Turks who remain in Greece are there by agreement, the 80,000 or so Bulgarians are in the Florina district, separated from the Bulgarian frontier. There is little anti-Semitism, even in Salonica, where there is a large and old colony of Spanish Jews and a recently expanded Nazi club. Every German tourist who visits Greece seems to know about a little village near Athens, whose people are Bavarians, descendants of those brought over by King Otto round about 1833; but there is very little German capital in Greece and only about 2,000 German residents. The Nazis run a paper in Athens, but when they wanted to make it a daily, Metaxás issued a decree forbidding foreign newspapers to be published in Greece more than twice a week.

And if European catastrophe comes? Every speech of Metaxás exudes sympathy for the Axis; he was trained in Germany, insulted by the British military authorities in 1915, and disgusted by the way in which Great Britain and France ran Venizelos, deposed King Constantine and permitted the Greek expedition to Asia Minor only to leave it in the lurch. Yet against this, the Greek people is fervently for Great Britain and France, in spite of Spain and Munich; the Turkish alliance is too valuable to throw away; and above all, the rape of Albania clearly taught Metaxás that the Axis, however congenial, is dangerous.

MEDIUS FIDIUS

A LONDON DIARY

A.R.P. blackouts worry the British public much less than weather blackouts. A cricket match washed away is a fact; war is only an unpleasant speculation. Indeed most people scarcely worry about the "crisis"; it goes on and on, and what's the good of thinking about it anyhow? If war comes British people will fight as they have always done; on the whole they are inclined to think that it won't come just yet anyway. The German public takes an even more fatalistic view. A friend who has returned from an extensive visit to Germany tells me that the notion of an Anglo-German war horrifies Germans just as much as it does British people. Danzig they regard as a foregone conclusion—a little matter that the Führer will clear up without war. The suggestion that it might lead to war left them incredulous and shocked. One German after another assured him that it was utterly absurd to imagine a war over something so trivial as Danzig; the notion that it was not a trivial but a vital issue to Poland had never entered their heads. Cannot the democratic Powers get that over to them? Asked about Czechoslovakia, most Germans were embarrassed; they admitted that they had not liked that business of taking Czechs into the Reich. They could only shrug their shoulders and say that the Führer had no doubt some good reason which they did not understand. All this confirms my view that we ought not to let Germans forget Hitler's broken pledges, and ought constantly to warn them that they are for a second time being led into a disastrous war. Goebbels tries to make the German people forget Czechoslovakia; our Government should take steps to remind them. The Gestapo is loathed in Germany; people try to forget the concentration camps where torture is used as an instrument of government. At the same time we ought to take the sting out of much of Goebbel's propaganda by reforming our own Empire, offering to internationalise our colonies and removing the at present quite true impression that under its present government Britain only stands for capitalism and the *status quo*.

* * *

I met the other day a German who was close to the German High Command during the last war. He told me that no English paper was credited with so much ill-effect on German morale during the war as the *Nation*. The Germans were deeply impressed by Massingham's indictment of aggression and equally sincere friendship for the mass of German citizens. That effect could be produced again to-day if we had a Government which could think imaginatively. To Mr. Chamberlain propaganda is a thing that only begins if unfortunately there is a war. The time for it is now, to stop the war. There is a confusion always in the discussion about impressing Hitler that Britain is serious. Undoubtedly it is serious; Mr. Chamberlain would be "serious" if the Germans attacked Poland. But he is not, I fear, serious about resolving to find ways of defeating the Nazis, if possible without war. He can envisage war as a last resort; he can and does envisage appeasement. If, in spite of every effort to buy off the Nazis, Hitler does go to war, and does not switch off to Hungary or undermine the Poles, what should we all be asked to fight for? To save ourselves from Hitler? Yes. But what else? We cannot talk about a world safe for Democracy this time. All I am sure of is that there would be revolutionary feeling everywhere quickly: what form it would take I cannot prophesy.

* * *

It is easy to see why *Germany's War Chances* (Gollancz, 3*s.* 6*d.*) scored record sales in Hungary, and also why it brought its author, Dr. Ivan Lajos, into conflict with the authorities. It exposes, by lengthy quotations from Nazi sources, the German plans for Central Europe, and indicates what sort of future a "friend of the Axis" is likely to enjoy. Dr. Lajos' analysis of Nazi war strength, however, cannot be accepted without question. It is an excellent thing to counteract the defeatism which describes the German war-machine as insuperable, and Dr. Lajos is quite right in his assertion that Germany can only survive a long war if she has first gained control of Central and Eastern Europe so as to make good her deficiencies in agricultural produce and in oil. But the crucial question is whether Hitler can win his success either by a lightning general war, or by a lightning attack upon one partner in the peace front—for instance Poland. There the credulous reader may get a dangerous optimism from *Germany's War Chances*. Dr. Lajos does not make sufficient allowance, even on his own figures, for the accumulations of war-materials which the Nazis have already made, nor does he discuss the problem either of an Allied blockade of Germany or of a German blockade of England. With his pocket battleships at large in the Atlantic, and efficient bombing of our ports and transport centres, Hitler might make our position more than uncomfortable, and it can only be of service to him if public opinion is lulled into an under-estimate of the danger.

* * *

The other day I went to see the new Soviet film at the Forum, *The Rich Bride*. I found myself in strong disagreement with Cyril Connolly's interpretation of it in his article in this journal last week. Approaching the film as a sophisticated individualist, he said that its plot was childish, its technical

standards commonplace and its propaganda unimpressive. Largely true, but by no means the whole story. You had to view this film, I think, as propaganda for Russian peasants rather than for the English bourgeoisie. All the way through I recalled the way in which those wheat fields used to be cultivated by bearded moujiks and women, aged at 30 by poverty, privation and child-bearing. Instead, we have a picture of excited young people feeling that the land is their own and buoyed up by the new motive for work which is called "socialist competition." The result, when idealised for propaganda purposes, is rather like the team spirit preached to Boy Scouts, but it is surely an astonishing improvement on the "whip of hunger" which is the accepted capitalist motive or the traditional obedience of serfdom which survived in pre-revolutionary Russia. The important questions, it seemed to me, were whether the rather primitive comedy of this film and the youthful propaganda for the tractor is not in fact just what is wanted in the present stage of socialist construction in Russia, whether these young women were more materialistic than, and anything like as vapid as, many young women who work in offices or factories in Britain to-day, and whether the film had not far more vitality and purpose than an ordinary Hollywood production. In this film work is idealised, and the test of a man or girl as a fit partner in life is his or her capacity as a shock-worker or Stakhanovite. A disconcerting test at first but not when compared with the common test in western novels and films where a young man is only considered a fit mate if he has "made good" as a partner in the firm. To have won a bicycle as the reward of intensive labour for the community in a country where bicycles are new and valued is surely as good a qualification as being the son of a peer or having worked up the ladder to the £5,000 a year salary. In their new passion for work the Bolsheviks idealise the team spirit; my own bother in this film was whether these young workers had time for any private life of their own. But then I too am an individualist and I realise that most of my contemporaries find more enjoyment than I do in camp life and communal activity. As a picture of the values, methods and ideals of a collective farm I thought this film very instructive and exhilarating.

* * *

So Sir Samuel Hoare has at last cracked down on the *Link*. It is about a year ago since a lot of facts about the *Link* and the *Anglo-German Review* were published in this journal to be followed of course by violent denials from Mr. Carroll. Actually you've only got to look up past issues of the *Anglo-German Review* to find that it is largely Nazi—not German—propaganda. Sir Samuel speaks of a foreign subsidy and he has means of knowing. There is no point in speculating about who gets the money and how it comes. I have no doubt that Sir Barry Domvile, Professor Laurie and Lord Redesdale are just genuinely misguided Englishmen who try to popularise the Nazi case and create an anti-Bolshevik crusade among the middle classes instead of confining their efforts to the salons of the Fifth Column. I notice that Sir Barry explains that the statue of an S.S. man seen behind him in a photograph was there not for a political reason, but because it was an exquisite piece of white Dresden china! All this is comic and puerile enough; one would have thought by now that even Sir Barry and Lord Redesdale would have observed what Hitler does to people who try to be his friends. But no one takes the *Link* very seriously nowadays. The point to notice is that the policy it advocates is precisely that favoured by Sir Samuel Hoare before March 15th and still, I believe, favoured by people with more authority than the *Link*.

* * *

A well-known doctor sends me an interesting example of the influence of this journal. The patient, a young married woman, said: "I want to arrange to have exactly three children." The doctor replied: "Well, the number would have to be exact, but perhaps you will find that you want more than three when you begin." "Well, you see," said the patient, "I read in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that three was the ideal size for a family."

Sagittarius sends me the following limerick:

A rather extreme vegetarian,
Looked down from his summit Bavarian,
He said: "It's not odd
I'm superior to God,
For the Latter's not even an Aryan.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. F. J. D. Dickens.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Up to the time of writing the children's prayers have been answered, and the fact that the Russian Pact also has not yet been signed I ascribe to the intercession of St. Teresa. I quite understand the annoyance it must cause to you gentlemen who run the world from your printing machines to have your pet theories rudely upset by a pack of children and saints in heaven.—Letter in *Picture Post*.

Have you visited Le Touquet? . . . If you have not you miss one of the best Summer resorts in Europe: 90 per cent. British.—Advt. in British press.

Gas-masks for children of two to five are being made in gay and attractive colours, and mothers are advised to introduce them to children as playthings.—*News Chronicle*.

Sheffield, Saturday.—Richard Lee, 30-year-old dairy manager, of Birley Moor Road, Frecheville, here is to be Lady Godiva in Frecheville's carnival procession next week.

Lee offered to be Lady Godiva when the carnival committee were about to drop the part because no girl or woman would volunteer.

He is busily rehearsing his novel part by reading all about Lady Godiva.—From the *News of the World*.

The Opposition has made mistakes, and at times has offended supporters of the Government, but, in the essentials of policy and the legislation necessitated by it in these critical times, has not hindered the Executive.—*Observer*.

DEFENCES OF THE SOVIET UNION—II

[The first article on Soviet defences, which dealt with the Red Army, appeared in our last week's issue.]

THE actual number of Soviet aircraft is unknown. In pursuit of their policy to appear militarily weaker than they are, the Soviet leaders keep the strength of the air-force secret. The greatest number of Soviet aeroplanes ever seen at one time by foreigners was at the First of May celebrations in 1936. Foreign visitors and journalists were present on that day in seven European-Russian garrisons. The parades took place in all seven garrisons at the same time. And during these parades a total of well over 4,000 aeroplanes flew over the seven parade grounds simultaneously.

But even seven of the largest garrisons in European-Russia form only a fraction of the number of air-bases in the whole Soviet Union. Everything taken into account, I should estimate that the Soviet Union has between 17,000 and 18,000 front-line planes at its disposal.

The task of making the people of the Soviet Union air-minded is in the efficient hands of the *Ossaviachim*, the organisation for encouraging voluntary pre-military training. It devotes very special efforts to building up reserves of pilots and technical personnel. Its central flying school in Tushena is one of the largest flying schools in the world. Thousands of young men and women are taught at this school how to make parachute descents, as the first step in their training. In no country of the world is so much importance attached to parachute jumping. Every amusement park—"Parks for Culture and Recreation" are found in the smallest towns—has its "flying corner" with various simple instructional apparatus. This is carried so far that not only every town,

but most villages have the familiar wooden tower, from which the first parachute descents are made.

Everyone who has made a parachute descent from an aeroplane receives a medal, and a bigger and better one after 25 descents. The biggest and best, carrying the number 100, is given to those parachutists who complete their century. There are very many of them. Parachutists who have made even higher numbers of descents from aeroplanes are decorated with proper orders. The " stars " become popular personalities throughout the land and are employed as instructors.

Through this method of popularising parachute-jumping as a sport, about two million young men have already been hardened and made " air-worthy." About a quarter of them are selected for further instruction and first receive a thorough training in gliding. In this way an enormous reserve of pilots has been created, while a network of technical schools has been established for the training of mechanics, constructors and other ground personnel.

The Soviet Union maintains a very large number of regular air-lines. To-day one can travel almost anywhere in Russia by air. In addition to the regular passenger services there are special government lines, courier services for officials, and the aerial medical service. All these services give regular flying practice to thousands of reserve pilots, ostensibly civilians, but living in barracks in the flying fields. They could be transferred to military service immediately, on declaration of war. And throughout the Soviet Union, apart from the regular flying fields, there are hundreds of secret aerodromes hidden in the midst of thick forests and in little valleys in the middle of the vast open plains.

The enormous distances in the Soviet Union are its best protection against air attack. Russia is the country which has least to fear from aerial bombardment. What is there for the enemy to bomb? Forests, marshes, plains? A few of the hundreds of thousands of villages? There are only two towns of any importance near the European frontier: Minsk and Kiev. And even if these two towns were laid in ashes, what effect would that have on the military operations? None. In any case it would be easy to evacuate these towns in time of war.

Even heavy bombardments of towns near the frontier would have no effect on the morale of the population in the rest of Russia because they would know nothing or very little of them. An air attack on Moscow, the only city where bombing would produce a bad effect on the morale of the population, hardly seems possible. For 16 to 18 hours are necessary for the flight from the nearest frontier and back. And the capital is protected by a wide ring of anti-aircraft stations equipped with detecting apparatus. The Russians would have so much time to put large numbers of pursuit planes in the air that the enemy would be lucky if a single bomber got anywhere near Moscow before being brought down. Only one large city in European Russia would be an easy target if hostile aircraft-carriers could operate in the Baltic Sea, or if the Baltic countries were on the side of the enemy. That is Leningrad. But that has been foreseen.

With such splendid natural protection against attack by its favourable geographic position, the Soviet Union needs only a comparatively small number of aeroplanes to ensure its aerial defence. Why, then, has it created such a gigantic aerial army? The answer is that the Red Air Force is first and foremost a weapon for carrying the war into the enemy's camp.

Just as the Soviet Union offers a difficult object to enemy bombing planes, so it is in an extremely favourable position for aerial attack upon other countries. The whole of East Prussia lies comfortably within the range of the Russian air-forces. And with the tendency of the Red Army leaders, already visible to-day, to risk huge quantities of men and material, one can well reckon with more distant raids than these. Japan is in a still less favourable position for aerial warfare with the Soviet Union. While for the Japanese there are practically no objects worth bombing, the Soviet pilots need only be away from their bases for a few hours in order to pour bombs on the most important Japanese industrial centres.

Although the Red Air Force is an offensive weapon, the Russians themselves, according to their military text-books, do not over-estimate the military value of the air-arm. Classical military strategy taught that either the fighting forces of the enemy must be destroyed, or such important geographical points occupied that further resistance would be futile. This theory has been contradicted by the outcome of the World War. The World War was a war of attrition. It ended, contrary to the plans of the enemy, neither by the destruction of fighting forces nor by the occupation of important geographical positions. The collapse, first of Russia, then of the Central Powers, was brought about by the demoralisation of the army and the civil population. The Soviet Union's tremendous aerial army has been created to " demoralise," not so much the soldiers, as the civil population of the enemy. All Russian war plans are based on the certainty of disunity in the enemy camp; aeroplanes and parachutists are a means of reaching the factory behind the enemy's lines.

In the civil and intervention wars the Soviet Union lost a considerable part of its fleet. In the Baltic Sea a number of ships came into the possession of the newly created Baltic states, and several were sunk. A part of the Black Sea fleet steamed to Bizerta where it was interned. For a long time the navy was the Cinderella of the Soviet armed forces. The Government took the view that it was a purely defensive weapon. However, during the first ten years following the civil war, the remaining units of the Russian fleet were renovated and somewhat modernised. But for a long time nothing was heard of the construction of any new ships apart from a few small vessels which were ordered from Italian shipyards.

But from the very start the naval personnel was most carefully sifted. This was in view of the fact that their cruises would take them to foreign ports. Only absolutely reliable members of the Young Communist League were allowed to enter the Navy. And for many years the training of naval candidates has been very carefully carried out. During the last few years the former Tsarist Cadet School, now called the Soviet Naval School, has trained a far larger number of officer-candidates than it did in Tsarist times. And the Naval Engineering School even more.

Less is known about the Red Navy than about any other branch of the Soviet armed forces. The construction programme is wrapped in the greatest secrecy. It is now known that the U.S.S.R. is hard at work building capital ships. How many are being built and when they will be completed we do not know. We know that the Soviet Navy consists of three fleets, the Baltic, the Black Sea and the Pacific Ocean fleet, together with the three flotillas of the Caspian, White and Polar Seas. In the Navy are also included the numerous river flotillas, a large proportion of which consists of quite new monitors, constructed as a result of the experience gained during the civil war. Whereas before the war Russia possessed no river flotillas, the Soviet Union has strong fleets on the Dniepr, Dniestr and Volga rivers in European Russia, and the Amur and Sungali rivers in Asia. This much is known, that for many years the Soviet Union has gradually been increasing the units of its Navy. The Naval Dockyards in Leningrad and Nikolayov on the Black Sea have been greatly enlarged. For smaller ships, and particularly for submarines, the naval arsenals have been transferred to the interior. There are many such shipbuilding yards for submarines on the Volga, on certain lakes and particularly on Lake Baikal. Access to these yards is rigorously barred to anybody except the workmen employed. For miles around there are signals which announce the presence of any stranger. The roads leading to them are barred by barbed-wire barricades. Absolute secrecy is ensured regarding the number of Soviet submarines; they are built, dismantled into their component parts, and finally transported to their bases for assembly. There is no doubt but that the

Soviet Union already has a considerable number of submarines stationed in the Baltic Sea. There are some in the Black Sea. And they are concentrated in great strength in the Pacific Ocean. Their base is not only the harbour of Vladivostock, but they have a number of bases along the whole coast of Kamchatka. The Red Navy has already advanced beyond being a purely coastal defence force, and within the next few years it may be capable of blockading the coasts of the enemy.

ON NOT GETTING THINGS DONE

THOSE of us who believe most fervently in democracy cannot but emit an occasional groan over the slowness of democracies in getting things done. Take this litter question, for instance, which has been raised once more by Sir William Beveridge in a letter to the *Times*. I suppose nine out of ten of the voters in every constituency in England are opposed to litter-throwing or at least would be ashamed to come out publicly in favour of it. Of all the letters which have appeared in the press on the subject during the last twenty years, I doubt whether 1 per cent. have been even wildly on the side of the litter-throwers. Here, then, is a matter on which public opinion, so far as it is articulate, is all but unanimous. Yet, according to reports from one beauty-spot after another, litter-throwing goes on, if not on the same scale as of old, on a sufficient scale to turn many a corner of unspoiled England into a public rubbish-dump.

It may be argued from this that popular opinion is secretly in favour of litter-throwing and that the litter-throwers do not trouble to answer the letters of their opponents in the newspapers because they know that it is all a matter of a few Mrs. Partingtons trying to sweep back the ocean with a broom. I do not think that this is so, however. Just as it is a minority of motorists who cause all the dangers on the roads, so, I think, it is a minority of holiday-makers who cause all the defilement of the landscape with their discarded rubbish. How many visitors to Wells, for example, throw bottles and fruit-tins and paper wrappings into the moat? As every one who has visited Wells knows, the moat round the Bishop's Palace is usually well provided with these marks of communal happiness. (Under a full moon they look quite charming.) "It seems," the Bishop of Bath and Wells writes, "to give particular pleasure to some picnickers, having emptied tins, beer bottles, and cigarette-boxes, to set them floating on the moat. They do not even indulge in the admittedly pleasant game of throwing stones at these objects and sinking them. Last week we had the trouble of drawing water from the moat in order to remove the disgusting rubbish. It could not otherwise be reached." It is a depressing picture, but to my mind all this litter-throwing is the work, not of picnickers in general, but of a powerful and determined oligarchy of picnickers. I have seen hundreds of people strolling by the moat, but never saw a bottle thrown.

Holding, then, that there is an anti-litter majority in the country, I cannot help wondering why nothing—or so little—is done to curb the activities of the litter-thrower. It cannot be said that the legislative machine is necessarily slow. The legislative machine can work wonderfully fast, as was shown the other day when Parliament rushed through a Bill dealing with I.R.A. suspects. No dictator could have done the job more quickly. Why then should Parliament, seeing how easy it is to work at top speed when it wants to do so, not rush through a Bill for dealing with that secular menace, the litter-thrower? It may be replied that there is no urgency in the matter of litter legislation, since the litter-thrower, unlike the bomb-thrower, does not endanger life. I am not sure of this, however. A banana-skin may cause a fatal fall; a broken bottle on the beach a fatal cut; a newspaper thrown away may cause a horse to bolt with the result that its rider breaks his neck. It is not for these funereal reasons, however, that I advocate urgency legislation against litter. I advocate it because it seems to me that litter-throwing defaces the countryside almost as badly as a campaign of picture-slashing would deface the art-galleries of England. Not so irreparably, perhaps, but still the thing happens afresh every year, and the need to stop it becomes urgent on the eve of every holiday.

Hence, I think it would be a good thing if Parliament made up its mind to pass one urgency Bill every week during the session, beginning with an Anti-Litter Bill. It would soon get to enjoy legislating at racing speed. Members would vie with each other in discovering things to make laws about, and they would easily discover them. I should like to see them, for example, rushing through a bill imposing heavy penalties on any one who closed a right of way. I have been told that it is still quite common for farmers and other occupiers of land to close rights of way, and apparently they can do so without any risk except of having their barriers smashed down. Why not make it a penal offence, like smash-and-grab raiding? If this were done, I fancy, fewer rights of way would be closed. And it is equally urgent to rush through a Bill allowing midwives to give anaesthetics. And there are thousands of other things—thousands of them. Give us a weekly Rush Day in the Houses of Parliament, and we shall hear no more talk about the efficiency of dictatorships.

As regards litter-throwing, some people may reply that what is most needed is not new legislation but that the law already in existence should be put into force. Major Henry Ricardo rightly points out that there are large notices in the Green Park and St. James's Park threatening five-pound fines for litter-throwing, but that the parks continue to be covered with refuse and nothing is done about it. "I have," he says, "never seen in the press one [fine] inflicted, and often seen uniformed constables connive at this and not even calling the offender's attention, saying 'You have dropped your bag, etc. Please put it in one of the numerous receptacles placed for litter.'" It is undoubtedly true that the police could do more than they do to strike terror into the soul of the hardened litter-thrower. Not many men would be willing to pay even five shillings for the pleasure of throwing an empty cigarette packet on the grass of one of the Royal Parks. A round-up of litter-throwers in London on a single Sunday would cause such a panic that no litter-thrower would dare to carry on except in secret for years to come.

Even so, I think a new and more stringent Anti-Litter Law is needed. I liked especially the suggestion of one correspondent that, as motorists are the worst litter-throwers, litter-throwing should be made a motoring offence, which would result, not only in a fine, but in the motorist's licence being endorsed. I should like to go further than this, however. I should like to see every motorist who has been convicted of litter-throwing compelled to carry the scarlet letters "L-T" on the back of his car for twelve months after the offence, three convictions automatically leading to the suspension of his driving licence. After all, the motorist has the least excuse of all men for getting rid of his bottles and egg-shells and chocolate wrappings in a beauty-spot. The weary pedestrian may be almost forgiven for lightening his burden for the homeward journey; but a few egg-shells and empty bottles make no difference to a car. A motorist who spreads litter over the country is merely wicked and is obviously not fit to hold a licence which permits him to drive about the country to the country's detriment.

I do not, I may say, wish to be taken as accusing motorists in general of being litter-throwers. It is only a minority of them, I believe, who take eagerly to the task of leaving the country uglier than they found it. But I cannot see how this minority can be dealt with except by fairly strong measures. One effective way of shaming them into good behaviour might be for the Government to take over Brooklands for one Saturday every month for an official rally of motoring litter-throwers. Every motorist convicted of the offence would be compelled to bring his car, bearing its scarlet letters, and to drive it round and round the track, while jeering spectators would be allowed to throw everything short of bricks and

stones at the passing cars. Hundreds of thousands of people, I am sure, would be willing to pay a shilling for the pleasure of throwing things at their fellow human-beings. Great heaps of putty could be provided. After one experience of the kind, I doubt whether any motorist would have the courage to leave even an apple-peeling behind him in the loneliest lane in England.

I trust, then, that some Member of Parliament, having studied these moderate and reasonable proposals, will embody them in a Bill and do his best to get Parliament to rush it through as soon as it reassembles. There could be no better way of convincing the world, that, not only is democracy not effete but it is alive and kicking. After all, a legislature that has time to interfere with the happiness of beer-drinkers and cigarette-smokers can surely find time to interfere with the much less desirable happiness of litter-throwers. It is the Englishman's ideal that his home should be his castle, but he should not be allowed to make his country his dust-bin.

Y. Y.

THE ROAD TO TOKYO

(Acknowledgements to Mandalay)

By Britain's old concession, now blockaded at Tientsin
They strip the White Race passing out, they slap it passing in;
The Rising Sun rides high, they say, our sun is sinking low,
But we're working out a formula to settle Tokyo.

On the road to Tokyo
Our instructions are *Go slow*,
Here the *Nichi-Nichi* cackle, and the *Hochi Shimbun* crow
While prepared to strike a blow
For aggression's overthrow,
We have sent a British Mission on the road to Tokyo.

Our close commercial friendship is Nippon's dearest wish,
Our market ever open for all kinds of stinking fish,
Our course in foreign policy her threats cannot compel
But her special rights in China must be recognised as well

So, it is not hard to tell
By that well-known fishy smell
That our delegates are ready to negotiate a sell
In the talks at Tokyo.

Good-bye to League commitments and all idealistic traps,
We really have no quarrel with the gallant little Japs.
When Britons are insulted we are bound to make a show
So we talk a lot of honour, but the clever Japs will know.

Clever little Japs will know
Just how far we mean to go,
They can see the 'buses running from the Bank to Tokyo.
Tides of conquest ebb and flow
By the Yang-Tse and Hwang-Ho
But the silver key to China may change hands at Tokyo.

SAGITTARIUS

Miscellany

DIVES AND LAZARUS

Dives was an extremely wealthy English banker in Naples, tall, stout and middle-aged. He lived in a vast white house along the coast towards Posilippo from which he went into the town every morning at half-past nine for his day's work. This house stood close to the sea and had a private harbour where lay his thousand ton steam-yacht and smaller craft. Inside it was a treasury of beautiful objects, pictures and tapestry and Oriental china. He was fond of them because they had cost him so much money and because other collectors envied him the possession of them, but he did not often look at them: he was content to know that they were his and were heavily insured. His wife was a very handsome and insatiable American of the Juno type: Dives had a Greco-Roman statuette of the goddess, dug up at Herculaneum, for which she might have been the model. She was a firm believer in the uncomfortable doctrine of reincarnation, and was sure that in a former life she had been the notorious Roman Empress Messalina, which seemed a very reasonable supposition: indeed the yacht was called *Empress Messalina*. Just now her principal lover was the young and highly decorative Marchese di Subbio. Dives knew all about this affair and was very good friends with him, for he took Juno off his hands, and as long as they were discreet, he was glad they should enjoy themselves together. Money-making, once a passion, had become a habit with him, but he slaved at it still because he could not devise any other manner of getting through the day which would have bored him less.

On this hot May morning he went up to town on his steam-launch; that would be cooler than motoring along the grilling road. He was noted in Naples, that city of dandified males, for his well chosen and perfectly cut clothes. To-day he wore a Panama hat with a dark blue ribbon, his thin serge coat was of exactly the same shade, and so was his tie which was secured by a large pearl pin. The red camellia in his button-hole repeated the colour of his cummerbund: he had a white pleated silk shirt and white drill trousers, turned up at the bottom, in the English fashion, over his black shoes.

He landed at the Castello d'Ovo, and from there walked to the bank in the Via Babuina. The distance was not more than a few hundred yards, but he had not reckoned with the heat of the sun, and, in spite of his white umbrella, his silk shirt grew unpleasantly damp and sticky. The pillared imposing house stood a little back from the street, and in a strip of shadow outside the railings that faced it sat a couple of beggars laughing and chattering together. One was blind; he had a small dog to lead him and flies clustered and crawled in the corners of his eyes: the other had a crutch beside him. One of his legs was withered and on the shin gaped a red open sore with grey edges which the blind man's dog was licking. He was a cheerful-looking fellow, hideously ugly, with sparse grizzled hair, but when he laughed he showed a mouthful of very white even teeth. As Dives approached, the two held out their hands, beseeching him for alms in whining voices, and invoking a variety of blessings on him. These did not tempt him, and as soon as he had passed the jabbering and jokes broke out again. Hot and uncomfortable himself, their mirth offended him: what right had these sorry wrecks to be so gay?

He settled down to his morning's work, and when the bank closed for a couple of hours at mid-day he went for lunch to his club a few doors away on the other side of the street. The blind beggar was just shuffling off with his dog, but there were a few parting shots between the two of so humorous a nature that neither thought to accost him again. The other was engaged on his dinner: his white teeth made short work of a hunk of black bread and a raw onion.

It was pleasant to step from the reverberating street into the cool interior of the club. Dives's usual table in the window of the dining-room was kept for him and as soon as he appeared the electric fan on it was set spinning. He was a discerning gourmet, again from habit rather than passion, and he chose a very suitable lunch for so hot a day; a mayonnaise of prawns, a quail baked in thin pastry, a slice of ripe Frescoli cheese with a salad of watercress and lettuce. But he did not take his wonted pleasure in his food, and it annoyed him to see from his window that hideous cripple on the pavement opposite wolfing down his coarse fare with such gusto. He glanced through the paper as he smoked his cigar afterwards, and saw that there had been several cases of cholera in Naples.

Lazarus (for so we may now call him) was still squatting against the railings of the bank when Dives came back to his

work. He whined his petitions again as the banker approached; then suddenly his face writhed into a mask of agony. He slipped over on to his side with his knees drawn up against his chest and screamed. Passers-by looked at him in horror and hastily crossed the road: Dives made equal haste to enter the door of his bank. When he came out again at six o'clock, Lazarus was gone, and the pavement where he had been sitting was sprinkled with white powder. A whiff of pungent odour came to Dives as he stepped into his motor. Chloride of lime, no doubt.

Dives and his wife, next day, were to entertain a week-end cruising party on the *Messalina*. They spent many week-ends during the summer months in these hospitalities. They bored Dives, and often Juno was the sole host. But on this occasion she had asked her lover, and the strict codes of Neapolitan Society ordained that her husband should be there. These excursions to the islands and the coast were extremely popular: the food and the entertainment were famous, and there was a pleasant laxity of behaviour when the yacht was outside the three mile limit and often within it. Their guests, twenty of the liveliest and least puritanical members of high life in Naples came fluttering on board next morning and the *Messalina* steamed across the bay to Capri. Most of the company were in their bathing-costumes by the time they arrived at the Grande Marina, and there was some pretty dalliance in the water. They lunched afterwards in dressing-gowns or pyjamas under the awning on deck. Then some played bridge, others played deck quoits, all incessantly talking of toilettes and love and scandals. Juno and her young Marchese played cat's cradle in a sequestered nook at the stern and got their fingers much entangled: presently they went below to disentangle them. Two middle-aged women were much taken up with each other, but the balance of the sexes was not thereby disturbed. Dives paired off with the Marchese's mother, who only wanted his lovely pearl tie-pin and got it.

Juno had decreed fancy costumes for dinner and dancing afterwards on deck to the strains of a banjo band—she could always be depended on for some bright and original form of entertainment—and after that there was supper. No one showed the slightest sign of fatigue or satiety: they all, thought Dives, became more and more like a Good Friday or Bank Holiday crowd on Hampstead Heath, as gay and of the same quality as Lazarus and his blind friend. Sometimes, as supper grew ever more hilarious, the image of Lazarus's face, with his mouth full of food and white teeth and laughter, seemed to Dives's eyes faintly to superimpose itself on the face of one or another of his guests, oscillating like a mask stirred in a breeze, then dissolving again; sometimes, just before it disappeared, the mirth was struck from it and it was distorted with agony. These fleeting apparitions seemed to Dives curious rather than alarming. They broke the calm surface of consciousness much as the porpoises broke the moonlit sea, and vanished again on their own business. No doubt the man had been struck by cholera, and he must be dead by now, for those violent seizures were swiftly fatal. Dives wondered what lunatic had invented the notion that the spirit of the dead survived and was sent back to earth wrapped up in another body. What alias would Lazarus assume?

The yacht anchored off Paestum during the night, just as Dives awoke from a horrible dream. He thought that he was looking out of the window of his room in the bank, and that some insect like a caterpillar appeared on the pane and began crawling about it. Its forepart was bent over like a hook, its body straight, and he recognised it at once as being the cholera bacillus. He squashed it with his cigarette case, and the glass was smeared with a greyish substance like boiled rice. Another and another appeared and as he frenziedly killed each, he felt a stab of pain in his stomach like the grip of cramp. These stabs grew fiercer, and he woke in a sweat of agony with his knees drawn up to his chest. Late that afternoon the yacht was back in his private harbour at Naples, and his guests and his wife stampeded ashore. His doctor was sent for, but next day he sank into the stupor that precedes death. His wife made constant inquiries on the telephone, and before midnight he died.

He came to himself and knew at once what had happened, but how long ago he had died he had no idea, for he could not think in terms of time. He looked at his watch, if that might help him, but he was not surprised to see that its face was blank: the numerals round its margin had gone, so also the pointers. He was very much annoyed to find that he was aware of himself again, but that infamous agony which had accompanied his last conscious moments was over, and he was interested to know what would be done with him next. Here he was, anyhow, wherever "here" might be.

He looked round him. He was sitting on a bench in a vast, bare, whitewashed room, that reminded him of a class-room at school. It was very dark, but Dives could see that there were many rows of forms in front of him and that he was sitting at the end of the back row of all. Against the whitewashed walls there were lines of heads, for the forms were packed with people, men, women and children, all silent, all motionless as if waiting for some school ceremony, prize-giving or examination, to begin. He turned his head sharply to glance at his neighbour. He was a small man with grizzled hair, hideously ugly, and there was a crutch leaning against his shoulder. Dives felt sure that he had seen him before. Then he recognised him: it was Lazarus. Lazarus took no notice of him: now and then he brushed off his ragged coat a few of those caterpillars which Dives had dreamed about. They appeared to be dead.

Something or somebody—Dives did not know whether it was a force or a presence—entered the silent class-room. It was like a gale of wind, but nothing stirred the air: it was like a blaze of light, but the room was dark. Though it was invisible, he could localise it, and it passed slowly along the rows of forms in front of where Dives and Lazarus sat. It paused by each of the heads outlined against the whitewashed walls, and when it moved on again, that head had vanished. Dives watched its progress and wondered what was going on. "Is it a conjuring trick," he asked himself, "or is it annihilation? I hope it's annihilation, but if so, why didn't they do it when we died? Why have another function?"

Since Dives and Lazarus sat at the end of the back row of forms, the class-room was empty when the presence moved in front of Lazarus. Dives was aware that some communication was going on between them. He heard no words, but the impression was quite distinct that some sort of compensation was being offered Lazarus for having been so cold and hungry and lame and riddled with sores. There followed a strange suggestion that a person called Abraham should henceforth carry him in his bosom.

Then the voices became audible and articulate.

"I don't seem to fancy that much, sir," said Lazarus. "I'd sooner go back to Naples, if it's for me to choose."

"And be a beggar again? asked the other voice. There seemed to be a touch of surprise in its tone.

"Certainly not," said Lazarus. "I should like a fine house to live in, and a yacht to go sailing in with pretty ladies. I should like to be rich and wear fine clothes, and eat and drink of the best, and have no more sores on my leg. That would be handsome treatment. But I don't want to be carried about all day by an old Jew, though I daresay he's a very kind gentleman. I'd sooner be a beggar again than that, with all respect."

"Well, if you prefer it," said the voice. "You're quite sure?"

"I swear to it," said Lazarus.

He vanished.

The presence moved on opposite Dives. They were alone now in the great empty class-room. In vain Dives strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of it.

"And what have you got to say for yourself?" asked the voice. "Would you like to go back to Naples, too?"

"I should hate it," said Dives. "I should like to be annihilated."

"Impossible. You're an immortal soul."

"I never wanted to be," said Dives. "I protest."

"That is very ungrateful. And your wishing to be annihilated shows what a lot you've got to learn. Now in your last life you were rich and prosperous. You were never cold or hungry. You could buy anything that was purchasable——."

"It all bored me extremely," interrupted Dives. "For God's sake don't make me go through that again. Why, that cripple who's just gone enjoyed himself far more than I did."

"You shall try your hand at it," said the voice. "I was going to suggest it myself."

* * *

The Via Babuina where the late Dives's bank stood was grilling hot on this May morning. In the strip of shadow outside the railings of the bank squatted a lame beggar with his crutch on the pavement beside him. One of his legs was withered, and on it was an open sore with grey edges. He begged of passers-by, invoking blessings on them. He had done quite well to-day, and there was a pleasant sound of clinking soldi in his pocket as he drew out of it a hunk of black bread and an onion. He fell to with a good appetite, crunching his victuals in his white teeth.

Down the street came a portly fellow, perspiring profusely under his white umbrella. He stumbled over the beggar's crutch and cursed him soundly for leaving it lying across the pavement. They looked at each other a moment, the one angry, the other whiningly apologetic. Then the portly gentleman crossed the street to his club, and ordered his lunch. Looking out from his table by the window as he ate, he saw that a stray dog had lain down by the beggar and was licking his leg. Somewhere in the back of his mind there bubbled up a vague memory of the soothing touch of a dog's warm wet tongue on a sore place.

E. F. BENSON

THE MOVIES

"The March of Time," No. 5.
"Tarzan Finds a Son."
"The Spy in Black," at the Odeon.
"There Ain't No Justice," at the Paramount (Tottenham Court Road).
"Beau Geste," at the Plaza.

THIS month's *March of Time* is a history of the films in the form of a series of shots from the earliest times to the present day. It is a great pity it is not much longer, because the subject is fascinating, and once galloped through like this, will be less likely to be done again with the proper attention. As a synopsis of what should be spread out over several performances *The March of Time* is extremely entertaining. We see the first silent kisses (more passionate than those of to-day), the origins of Charlie Chaplin, *The Birth of a Nation*, Al Jolson yowling away in Sonny Bwah, Greta Garbo, and the harrowing shot from *All Quiet on the Western Front* of the hand reaching for the butterfly, and the Great Moment ("she must have been a very little Queen") from *Cavalcade*. The history, in fact, of gigantic technical improvement aided by considerably less improvement in acting, and none at all in ideas about what films are for. Or perhaps just a little, because the glimpse of *Zola* is a cut above the one of Rudolf Valentino dancing the tango in the *Four Horsemen*, and to-day, as well as Zola, we have Fred Astaire. How they had to overact in those silent films! What mouthing grimaces and scuttling feet—and what memories they recall. And those of us who are old enough to remember Silent Films, who were dazzled by *Caligari* or *A Woman of Paris* will be disturbed to find how bits of *The March of Time* which now seem comic once wrung our hearts. That Tango, for example, once implied visions of a wildly exciting existence which was characterised in the early Twenties by the expression *Low Life*. It went with pictures of Quais and Brothels, with the aesthetic conception of the *Underworld*, a world more real and more exciting than the one we lived in, a land of promise for the non-political young Bourgeois. And those who booed and broke tables at the first night of *Le Sacre* could not have been more disappointed than I, one evening in Berlin, at the première of Sonny Bwah.

Tarzan finds a Son is a silly and idiotic picture with some lovely photography. Johnny Weismuller is beginning to look old round the neck. It's time he had a son, and there appears an athletic cherub, who is also heir to a peerage. A dreary little woman looks after them both, and there is an agreeable collection of animals, with some delicious swimming scenes tucked away in a lot of insupportable nonsense.

The Spy in Black is an English film above the average. It carries one immediately to the central problem of to-day. Peace or war—but funks it. Here we are back at the root evil of most films (and most life), faulty ethics. It is not a question of films being required to have a moral purpose, to insist on moral propaganda is as absurd as to insist on political propaganda, but in any film made the moral basis must be clear. Thus a comedy should not be heartrending, and the idea that every tragic situation is improved by comic relief (village constable inspecting corpse) should be dismissed. In any war film the producers have to decide what they feel about war, and to stick to it. Is it glorious? Unpardonable? Necessary in certain circumstances? An instinctive need of the public or one which must be created by good advertising? The present film attitude is ridiculous, neither pacifist nor militant. "War. A bad business. But somebody has to do it. And we may as well win. Not that anybody really wants it. A bad business. We must put up a good show. Glorious!"

Spying is an extreme form of war in which the idea that human life is just a bucket of crabs is accepted from the beginning instead of being allowed gradually to dawn on one. It's most important in spy films that all spies are killed impartially, but as usual, in this one there are two kinds, German spies (who die) and British Agents (who live). But most spies are not spies because they love their country, they enjoy being paid for indulging an adolescent love of adventure and a far more profound *besoin de trahison*, which is why they are often double-crossers. *The Spy in Black* is exciting, and Conrad Veidt acts well, but the effort to be fair to the Germans, instead of unfair to all spies, tied everybody up, and the audience, after hearing what good fellows the Germans are, has to applaud the sinking of a German submarine by a depth charge with all the good fellows on board. It is the same spirit which makes the announcer in the current news bulletin comment on a display of dummy torpedoes fired into the sea from aeroplanes that "it will appeal to all boys who have a mechanical turn of mind and wish to serve their country."

The Spy in Black is preceded by *Border Sheep Dog*, a pleasant film of the activity of these animals quite ruined by the commentator who dishes out syrup of figs for half an hour.

There Ain't No Justice is an English film with a difference. It is modest, agreeable, and exciting, the story of a young boxer whose sister keeps a milk bar and who is forced to choose between losing a fight on purpose or losing the money that would save her. I was bored by this film, but it is on the right lines and gives a truthful picture of what boxing London is really like, and the hero's appearance is charming. I would like to see a film of Curtis's other novel, *Wide Boys Don't Work*, which is much warmer.

As for *Beau Geste* it was quicker when it was silent; and is not worth its expensive resurrection. The nonsense talked about vikings' funerals, the odious children turning into odious young men with a Freudian passion for owning up to crimes they have not committed, are deplorable. It took these hearty young English masochists fifteen years to find, in the sergeant of the Foreign Legion, the sadist they deserve, and it seemed to me like fifty.

I have now visited cinemas for five weeks during which I

have seen several hundred people killed, and listened to a great many jokes I could not laugh at. I have really enjoyed one film, *Retour à l'aube* and somewhat enjoyed *Hostages*. *The March of Time* has also given me pleasure. It seems to me that all the materials are here for a great art, the money, the time, the technique, the necessity, and the artists. What is lacking is any conception of what a work of art ought to be. I shall be glad not to go to any more films for a while; either they are too morbid or I am, and they seem to me to point no moral except that the human race is not yet old enough to manage firearms, or handle money or attack the simplest question of human relations. Getting into difficulties? Then introduce the Atlantic fleet, some elephants, a regal butler, and the Syrup of Figs man. Guns, butlers, duchesses, dogs. Here you see a pig being skinned alive—not a very cheerful noise is it—but we all need shaving brushes, and here you see a very close shave indeed—a Chinese execution!

CYRIL CONNOLLY

LES SYLPHIDES

LIFE in a day: he took his girl to the ballet,
Being short-sighted himself could hardly see it—
The white skirts in the grey
Glade and the swell of the music
Lifting the white sails.

Calyx upon calyx, Canterbury bells in the breeze,
The flowers on the left mirror to the flowers on the right
And the naked arms above
The powdered faces moving
Like seaweed in a pool.

Now, he thought, we are floating—ageless, oarless—
Now there is no separation, from now on
You will be wearing white
Satin and a red sash
Under the waltzing trees.

But the music stopped, the dancers took their curtain,
The river had come to a lock—a shuffle of programmes—
And we cannot continue down
Stream unless we are ready
To enter the lock and drop.

So they were married—to be the more together—
And found they were never again so much together,
Divided by the morning tea,
By the evening paper,
By children and tradesmen's bills.

Waking at times in the night she found assurance
In his regular breathing but wondered whether
It was really worth it and where
The river had flowed away
And where were the white flowers.

LOUIS MACNEICE

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, August 12th—
Promenade Concerts, Queen's Hall. (To Oct. 7th).

SUNDAY, August 13th—
Fabian Summer School, Dartington Hall, Totnes. Second Week. Subject: "Problems of Planning."

MONDAY, August 14th—
"The Elusive Legacy," Barn Theatre, Shere.

TUESDAY, August 15th—
"Counterfeit," Duke of York's.

WEDNESDAY, August 16th—
"The Importance of Being Earnest," Globe.

THURSDAY, August 17th—
"Sitting Pretty," Prince's.

PEACE AND WAR AIMS, 1939

SIR,—The real weakness of the Peace Front is that, while, with one exception, it is composed of static Powers, it has been formed to prevent aggression by an alliance of dynamic Powers. The Peace Front has as its objective the maintenance of the *status quo*; and inevitably, with human nature as it is, the defence of a world order, which no one feels to be ideal, releases far less energy than the attempt to achieve a new order which seems to offer hope of a better future.

This is the greatest weakness of the Peace Front. At present the peoples who compose it can hope to achieve no positive aims even if victory is theirs. What can England or France expect from war? At the very best they can maintain and secure their own countries and their empires, that is a continuance of the *status quo*. They do not want a single square mile of German soil. To annex German territory will merely mean for them that they will have a German population to feed as well as their own; and after the experience of Versailles and the Dawes and Young Plans they have no illusions about reparations. Why then should one sacrifice millions of lives and milliards of dollars when all one can hope for at the very best after the war is over is that things will not be much worse than they are at present?

The contrast with the Axis Powers is startling. Mussolini has as his goal a Mediterranean and African empire; for this Tunis, Corsica, Jibouti, as well as the Protectorate of Egypt and the Sudan, are all necessary war aims. Hitler dreams of his Holy Roman Empire over all Europe, from the Channel to the Black Sea, from the Pyrennees to Finland. Here the Spartan German race shall rule over its subject peoples as Rome ruled in classic times. Spain and Hungary, the two friends of the Axis, have not put their aims so high. But the acquisition of Gibraltar, Tangiers and Morocco by General Franco and of Slovakia and Transylvania by Hungary are sufficient war aims, since they are unlikely to be achieved in any other way.

The only Power in the Peace Front which is not completely "satisfied" is Poland. Looked at from the point of view of its ambitions Poland is really one of the "dynamic" States. That is proved by her participation in the division of Czechoslovakia, and it is clear that Danzig and East Prussia, not to mention parts of West Prussia, Pomerania and Silesia, might become very attractive objectives of Polish national policy, and the basis for that leadership of the Slav races in Europe which Warsaw already is assuming. We may disapprove of such national ambitions, but it is clear that it is from them that Poland now draws her national strength. They render her immune to appeals for appeasement and enable her to face the menace of the German military machine without fear.

I have stressed the example of Poland in order to underline the enormous importance of positive war aims for the morale of a people and for its military strength. The conclusion is clear. If the Peace Front is to be a real Peace Front and not a mere coalition of sovereign national states, each seeking to secure its own interests, then the peoples of the nations which compose it must be given a positive aim for peace or war, an aim which will unite their interests with those of the Italian and German peoples. Our aims must not only rise above the attempt to defend a dreary *status quo* but must also destroy the terror of revenge which keeps Germans and Italians loyal to their present rulers.

There is only one war aim which can achieve this, the final emancipation of Europe. Brest-Litovsk and Versailles have proved one thing, force only produces force. What Europe needs is the retreat from force and the building of the spirit of comradeship and co-operation. The Peace Front should proclaim the inviolable freedom of the peoples of Europe, both great and small. It should state now its intention of giving back to the oppressed peoples of Europe the freedom which they have lost, and its willingness to accept (1) mutually controlled disarmament and limitation of armaments on a uniform plan; (2) economic co-operation and the reduction of trade restrictions of all kinds; (3) the restoration of economic confidence by the recognition and guaranteeing of foreign debts with the assistance of the creditor nations. *The motto should be not uniformity but unity;* and the aim the gradual building of a European federation which itself will be linked with the non-European powers and colonial territories in a modernised League of Nations. This seems to me the only possible war objective of a Peace Front, true to its name.

We can only conquer the slogans of Hitler and Mussolini (and for that matter of Stalin) if we oppose them with higher ideals

and better slogans. And that is the only way of gaining the confidence of the German and Italian peoples and rousing them into open opposition to their present leadership.

There are plenty of war aims for 1939. All except the ideal of European federation are rooted in power politics and vitiated by the poison of national sovereignty. Only if their statesmen show themselves really in earnest about the reconstruction of Europe will the peoples be roused to activity and win the victory with or without war.

OTTO STRASSER

SIR,—One agrees with almost everything which is said in your article on Peace Terms. If the Peace Bloc is to prevent war, it must present to the world and to the people of Germany and Italy "constructive peace proposals"; in other words we must tell the German and Italian people exactly what the alternative to war is that we offer; we must explain in detail the goods which we are prepared to deliver to peace and which we are not prepared to deliver to the threat and the threateners of war.

It would be dishonest to conceal from oneself or other people the fact that, as soon as one considers what the details of those proposals should be, one is appalled at the difficulty of getting the offer over and of describing the goods. In fact there can be little dispute as to what the goods should actually be, for the past ten years of European history have made it perfectly clear what the choice is before Europeans, and in particular the British, if they wish to establish peace. The chief difficulty springs from the psychological Nemesis of Nazi, Fascist, and National Governments. This Nemesis is a world of political delirium in which the commonsense of peace is unintelligible. To state our peace terms is to talk the language of commonsense and to the world of lunatics they will necessarily appear to be either "traps" or bad dreams or childish or unintelligible. Perhaps if some brilliant person could translate them into the language of contemporary delirium, they might have a chance. Here are two which he should try his hand on:

(1) The British Empire. For the Briton the Empire is the crucial question; for the foreigner it is the storm centre of his delirium. We have got to surrender the Empire—its real and supposed monopolies and advantages, economic, prestige, and strategic advantages—as a *quid pro quo*, if we want peace. We must do this while at the same time we make the sacred trust policy in the dependent Empire a reality. We must give independence and self-government to India and those dependencies already ready for them. How this can be done without submitting large parts of the Empire to some form of international control, like that envisaged in the mandate system, I do not understand. And how this can be translated into the language of delirious foreigners and how they can be convinced of our bona fides—if we have such a commodity—is a still more difficult problem.

(2) The *quid pro quo* for the British Empire is peace, law, order, and disarmament. If the system which is going to ensure this is not the old League system, it will necessarily be something almost identical under another name. That is the truth, reality, and commonsense and that is why to-day it sounds all so lame and possibly Utopian. But we shall have to get back to it some day, if we want peace. If we want peace we must give up the Empire and power politics and Britannia ruling the waves (and the air); if the foreigner wants peace (and the British Empire), he must give up power politics and return to international tribunals, peaceful change, collective security, and disarmament. That is what we have got to make the German understand before it is too late for him and for us. I doubt whether there is now time to get him to understand it unless it can be translated somehow or other into the language of contemporary delirium.

Monk's House,
Rodmell, near Lewes, Sussex.

LEONARD WOOLF

SIR,—There is, undoubtedly, a widespread fear that the adjournment of the British Parliament until October 3rd may aggravate the already critical European situation and lead us once more to the dreadful choice between shameful surrender and war. But to postulate these alternatives is to ignore the third possibility, that the German General Staff may be persuaded that they would be defeated if they were to start a war. There is no valid reason why we should do all the surrendering. Hence the importance of the long overdue Russian Pact, for every military authority is agreed that Germany cannot face a war on two fronts against the might of Britain, France, Russia and Poland.

The danger lies in the possibility that Hitler may believe that the British Government is only bluffing, and that, at the last moment, Mr. Chamberlain will give another exhibition of appeasement at the expense of others.

The fact must be faced that there are millions of people in this country, and many millions more abroad, who take the view that Mr. Chamberlain still believes in his Munich policy and that his apparent change of front since the invasion of Czechoslovakia is a mere manœuvre in order to retain power in his own hands. This scepticism may be unworthy, but the important point is that it exists and may, therefore, lead Hitler into a dangerous bluff. The result would be either another ignominious surrender on our part, which would leave Britain without an ally or a friend, or else a war in which we might be left to fight without the safeguard of a Russian alliance.

Every day that goes by without the Russian alliance increases the danger and confirms the suspicions of Mr. Chamberlain's honesty of purpose. The recent capitulation to the insolent demands of Japan still further increases these suspicions, and must react to make the Russians demand greater guarantees that the Munich policy will not be repeated.

Surely in these circumstances it must be obvious that Mr. Chamberlain should resign the Premiership. If the suspicions of his sincerity are justified, he is not fitted to be Prime Minister, and if they are not, he must realise that the policy which he now advocates could be forwarded more effectively under the leadership of someone who has not been identified in the eyes of the world with the policy of appeasement. A Cabinet presided over by Lord Halifax, and containing Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Eden and Mr. Duff Cooper would leave Hitler, Stalin and Roosevelt in no doubt as to the reaction of the British Government in the face of further aggression in Europe. It is reasonable to assume that the Opposition parties would be willing to join such a Cabinet, and give us the further advantage of a truly united Britain.

Socialists may be reluctant to support such life-long opponents as Churchill and Duff Cooper but, to avoid war before the next General Election, a solution, consistent with the present predominantly Tory membership of the House of Commons, must be found. Labour and Tory voters alike must realise that the worst crisis in our history is no time for sectarian politics.

F. W. MEREDITH

SIR,—THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is to be congratulated upon its opportune reiteration of the demand for the formulation of a constructive peace policy. Whatever the merits of the measures taken in recent months and intended to discourage further recourse to aggression in Europe, it is notorious that in the case of Germany they have given a dangerous stimulus to the "encirclement" propaganda of Goebbels and have required continued assurances from British Ministers that resistance to aggression does not imply resistance to a square deal for the German people. It may be argued that the responsibility for this misrepresentation of British policy (if misrepresentation it be) rests with Dr. Goebbels and not with us. But if (as many of us believe) the strongest hope of peace in the near future may depend upon our ability to convince the *peoples* of the dictatorship States of the determined friendship towards them of the rest of the world, is this likely to be achieved by general protestations of good will, unsupported by deeds—especially in face of the tangible enough evidence on the other side of a determination to fight them in certain circumstances?

Considerations such as these have led the National Peace Council to make to the Prime Minister, on four occasions in the last five months, influential representations in favour of a pronouncement, *in the most precise and concrete terms*, of the contributions which Great Britain and the British Empire would be prepared to make by themselves or in conjunction with others to the peaceful solution of outstanding problems and the establishment of a firmer economic and political security for the peoples everywhere. The most recent of these representations were contained in the appeal for a "Declaration of Peace Aims and Intentions" which was adopted by the National Peace Congress—a document which ventured to suggest the details of a constructive peace programme of this character, not merely in terms of proposals which require international co-operation but including measures which Great Britain and the British Empire could

enact irrespective of the action of others. Example is better than precept and some action, say in the realm of economic and colonial policy, taken by an Empire having the responsibility of control over a quarter of the earth's surface and a quarter of the world's people, might be incalculable in its effect upon the general atmosphere and in particular upon the major purpose of consolidating the influence of the peoples of the dictatorship countries on the side of peace.

We are, of course, faced by the manifest difficulty of *securing* action of the kind proposed from a Government constituted as is the present British Government and the greatest importance attaches, I believe, to the possibility raised in the final paragraph of your article of some unofficial move by influential persons. This is the field in which voluntary organisations have been working and are obliged to work and I think it can be claimed that the National Peace Council has made important contributions in this connection during the last twelve months.

GERALD BAILEY
Directing Secretary.

National Peace Council,
39 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

SIR,—Brevity of reply involves dogmatic statement: I have long been convinced that a "peace-front" or "concerted resistance to aggression" can only be a preliminary to reconstruction: and that the British Government ought to state clearly what it is prepared to do.

For many reasons, into which I cannot enter, I should like to see:

(1) Great Britain invite President Roosevelt to summon a General Economic Conference at Washington early in 1940. I hold that the easiest way to examine the *political* issues is through the *Economic*: a refusal of Germany, Italy or Japan to attend the Conference would be an additional reason for holding it;

(2) The Danzig question brought before the League at Geneva in September;

(3) A clear intimation to Japan that we hold to the Nine-Power Treaty, such intimation to be accompanied by a substantial credit to China and every effort made to secure the adhesion of the United States, Russia and France to this declaration of policy.

I add that until the Axis States have demonstrably been shown to have *failed* in an objective which they regard as important, they will not negotiate on any major issue with either sincerity or a real desire for peace.

CHARLES GRANT ROBERTSON

SIR,—If the prospect of an early General Election materialises, it is probable that Chamberlain will have stolen the thunder on the Left by a revival of the pre-war military alliance between France, Britain and Russia. Alternatively, it may then be clear that the Soviet Union has decided to let its imperialist neighbours exhaust themselves in a mutually destructive conflict in preference to pulling the British colonial chestnuts out of the fire for us. The electorate will thus be asked to choose between two opposing blocks of candidates, each asserting that they stand for Peace through Security, i.e. superior armed force. Both parties will make polite acknowledgements to the League, knowing as the electorate also knows that the League is like the disappearing cat of Lewis Carroll. Only its feline smile remains. Whichever party does succeed, it is self-evident that professed intentions to prosecute a vigorous programme of social reform will be stultified by the prospect of gargantuan expenditure on armaments.

It will therefore be a struggle between contestants with ostensibly the same immediate policy appealing to the personal or traditional sentiments of their constituents. Labour candidates enter the ring knowing, and one might almost say hoping, that their party will not win. At best they can only hope to get enough support to prevent a Conservative Government from toying with plans of bogus appeasement which may delay but cannot prevent a conflagration. Popular effrontery has already resolved this preposterous situation by preparing a blank cheque for Winston Churchill, strike-breaker, interventionist, die-hard Anglo-Indian, whose programme is summed up in his own pocket-Marlborough peroration: "The British Empire was won by the sword and when the time comes Britain will defend it with the sword."

To its credit the Labour Party has not swallowed this comic bait, and the Popular Front is already dead, if for no other reason, because it never had a formula to which loyal Conservatives could not also subscribe. It had none, because all its proposals for unity were formulated within the framework of a creed which can be summed up in three articles: (*a*) that the Dictators can be frightened by a show of military preparedness, (*b*) that mass discontent with the Nazi regime will undermine the military morale of Germany and eventually precipitate revolution, (*c*) that imperial sentiment in Britain is still virile enough to respond to any party equipped with a pre-war vocabulary of denunciatory and celebratory epithets about the betrayal of national honour and the glories of an empire on which the sun never sets. The last is not true of the bulk of the wage-earning classes of England nor of the lower middle classes in Wales and Scotland, where anti-imperialistic sentiment has grown side by side with recrudescent nationalism. The first might be taken for granted, if we had any reasons for supposing that a megalomaniac will not choose to make the funeral pyre of European civilisation his own. The second and most important of the three implies the false assumption that increasing hardships of the German people will necessarily breed resentment against the gangster Government which prescribes their beliefs. In reality there is enough evidence that Nazi propaganda is canalising the discontent of the German people into resentment against the nations which imposed the imperialistic settlement of Versailles and have hitherto declined to make any gesture of a will to satisfy the necessary pre-conditions of lasting peace.

The sensible alternative to creating a new obstacle by reviving German imperialism with burnt offerings of the British colonial system is not to make the task of Dr. Goebbels more easy than it need be. It is somewhat naive to expect that the people of Germany necessarily accept the peaceful pretensions of two victorious empires at our own valuation, and in fact we know that they do not do so. The certainty that Germany, Italy, Spain and Japan would refuse to participate in a world conference to promote the machinery of world government is not a reason for postponing all positive efforts to deal with the twin evils of national sovereignty and empire. The Peace Front may be made worthy of the name, if the so-called democratic States (Poland, for instance) can come together to form the first nucleus of a Federation whose constituent states agree to relinquish national sovereignty in armaments, to establish Federal ownership of civil aviation, and to adopt a policy of Federal Trusteeship on a non-racialist basis with free access to raw materials of backward communities. One reason why Popular Front propaganda cuts no ice is that astute conservatives themselves no longer believe that the British Empire is a permanent feature of life on this planet. France and Britain have to choose between three courses: to lose their empires by defeat or by internal disruption following a successful war, to distribute the colonies as Danegeld among the Axis partners, or to relinquish their sovereign claims in a joint act of moral leadership which would lay the foundation stone of world government. The propaganda machine of the Nazi government would then be paralysed by the spectacle of the United States of Europe with both hands of welcome extended to the people of Germany.

Admittedly there are details which must be examined before such a proposal can be put forward as a parliamentary programme. The machinery of Federal taxation raises the problem of tariffs. A rigid customs union might give vested interests of monopolistic capitalism in effete methods of production the power to obstruct planning of local resources and new techniques. Socialists would therefore be forced to oppose such a proposal, as many trade union leaders would oppose removal of all restrictions on immigration. It is not beyond the power of human ingenuity to devise a formula which would accommodate socialist and liberal sentiment towards such issues. Individuals who wish to co-operate in what may be the last chance of saving civilisation in Europe can bring constructive proposals to the notice of the Federal Union or put them forward in the press.

Meanwhile it is too much to hope that the self-hypnotic bellicosity which left Leaders have sustained since our first outbreak of imperial self-righteousness in 1935 will quickly respond to such a proposal made within the party framework. A block of independent candidates who put peace before party, emphasising the inescapable truth that the present armament race is an insurmountable obstacle to any social reform, refusing on that account to discuss domestic differences, while at the same time demanding immediate steps to implement Federal Union within or behind the so-called Peace Front as a first step towards world government, would call forth a response which would force the Left parties to adopt a programme recognisably different from that of Lord Halifax.

LANCELOT HOGBEN

Correspondence

ULSTER AND EIRE

SIR,—Mr. Lawrence's article on the "illogical" Irish is a good reply to Lady Novelists on abstractions. For each of his three stories shows the Irish at war with an abstraction, but ignoring entirely the personalities involved. There is even a better story of two Irishmen lying in ambush to shoot an enemy. They waited for hours, and, as he did not appear, one said anxiously to the other, "Tim's late: I hope nothing's happened to the poor fellow." Personal animosity is a rare thing in Ireland: there they fight against ideas, which are more important.

In respect of abstractions, which properly are syntheses of concrete experience and as such travel more readily in the vehicle of thought, there are three attitudes adopted. There is that of the political leaders, who debase thoughts to mere windy phrases: there is that of lady novelists and Mr. Reading, who, being unable to distil from the mud of life the clear nectar of abstract thought, sling it at those who can (and do they really understand Blake?): finally there are the men who are tired of the shadows in the cave and find truth in the sun.

So the Irish do not confuse men with their deeds (as we do). In their view, to put in prison for twenty years a man who has thrown a bomb in the name of the Republic is shockingly illogical and unfair. But they wouldn't feel in the least wronged if we were to send agents with bombs to Dublin. That would be a sporting rejoinder. HARRY BROADBENT

SIR,—The simplicity of Mr. St. John Ervine is too touching for words when he says: "We are sometimes told that the late Joseph Devlin's constituency was 'Jerrymandered.' Was he displaced from Stormont by any other agency than death?"

The very modern Mr. Ervine knows the answer only too well. The constituency of West Belfast, which returned Mr. Devlin to Westminster for twenty years in spite of every Orange effort, was jerrymandered so efficiently by the inclusion of Orange districts into an "adjustment of parliamentary boundaries" scheme as to render it easy prey for the Ascendancy faction. The scheme did not end there, as out of sixteen members elected to seats in Stormont as Belfast representatives, the Nationalists—though one-fourth of the population—can only return two members. Mr. Devlin, until his death, was one of these.

Mr. Ervine would like to know how Catholics of Belfast, who in 1861 numbered 41,406, could have increased to present strength in face of persecution. But he forgets (or does he?) that in 1861 the total population of Belfast was 121,602. Therefore the Catholic population which was slightly over one-third the total in 1861 has proportionately fallen to slightly less than one-fourth, although, according to the latest census figures available the number of Catholic children attending public elementary schools is one-third the total number of pupils. This surely proves at least one thing: if it were not for the periodic pogroms (officially inspired) the political outlook would have long since changed. A very special pogrom effort was made during 1920–1922 in Belfast, when the Northern Government was set up. During those terrible years over 500 Catholics lost their lives at the hands of Orange mobs and Craigavon's special police; over 10,000 Catholic families had to seek refuge in more civilised parts of the world. In 1935 another pogrom effort was staged, but on a less extensive and expensive scale.

Mr. Ervine trots out the old gullible story of Orange "big-heartedness": "The first Lord Chief Justice . . . the late Sir Denis Henry, was a Roman Catholic." Sir Denis could not be possibly overlooked as he was the only man available for the job, and he was a trusted "loyalist" who had rendered yeoman service to the "Ulster" cause. The one judgeship now held by a Catholic is a comparatively recent appointment, and it was only made after all the political pensioners had got the real plums of office. In point of fact the passing over for years of this great legal figure and the appointment of legal nonentities to the bench was a major scandal. There are at least eleven Resident Magistrates presiding in Northern Ireland and only one is held by a Catholic, and this appointment *must be given to a member of the minority* under the 1920 Act. Great play too is made of the fact that the recently retired Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Education was a Catholic. This gentleman was one of the transferred officials taken over from the Imperial Government. As a sample of such generosity, Sir E. Archdale (when Minister of Agriculture) on one occasion apologised to an Orange gathering about such appointments. (From memory I quote.) "I have four Catholics in my department," said the Minister, "*all of whom I had to take over when the department was established.*" This is the sectarian spirit that has guided the administrators of "Ulster's" destiny since 1920. Local Government appointments are all governed by the same unfair discrimination against the minority.

Mr. Ervine knows these facts perfectly, but the mass of the public of England know nothing of it. In the interests of British-Irish peace and friendship I would suggest that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION appoint a Commission of Enquiry into the minority position in Northern Ireland. I am sure the Most Rev. Dr. Mageean, Bishop of Down and Connor, will be only too pleased to give all the assistance necessary towards the enlightenment of British opinion on what is surely the most iniquitous system of Government carried out under the shelter of the British flag. "CONNOR DOWN"

Belfast.

DANZIG

SIR,—The Polish Press Bureau in London have had their attention drawn by their many English friends to a number of pamphlets and other propaganda literature which are being dispatched from various centres in Germany to persons in this country whose names and addresses can be found in various books of reference.

In particular, during the last fortnight, many thousand copies of a pamphlet entitled "Danzig—what is it all about?" have been received by people in Great Britain. Needless to say, this pamphlet gives an entirely false presentation of the conditions prevailing in Danzig as also of the general situation in the Free City.

The Polish Press Bureau in London takes the liberty to invite the attention of all the addressees who received this Danzig pamphlet to the fact that if they are interested in this subject—they may usefully refer to an impartial account of the Danzig question from an unimpeachable British authority, namely, The Royal Institute of International Affairs, who deals with the matter in their *Bulletin of International News* of May 20th, Vol. XVI, No. 10, which is published and obtainable at the Institute, Chatham House, St. James Square, S.W.1.

Polish Press Bureau, JAN TOMASZEWSKI
47 Portland Place, London, W.1.

LURÇAT

SIR,—Mr. Clive Bell writes: "It may be argued that he is not French; but then, unless I have been misinformed, neither is Lurçat."

We should be much obliged if you would kindly publish that M. Jean Lurçat was born in Nancy, from French parents; is a French citizen, and served with the French Army during the Great War. Mr. Clive Bell, most certainly, has been misinformed.

1A King Street, K. O'BRIEN, Secretary
St. James's, S.W.1. Alex Reid and Lefevre, Limited

CONSCRIPTS

SIR,—Your correspondent E.H.S. is much exercised because 2,000 hearty young conscripts—as he prefers to call them—have been getting wet in Wilts.

Has he ever heard that more than that number of women and girls, quite unused to roughing it, got very wet indeed twenty-five years ago in a foreign country? I don't know if any one wrote to the papers about it, for half the hardships were avoidable. But the point is that the women "took" it and are alive to tell the tale. A spot of hardship doesn't hurt any healthy young person.

In the mud and the rain they sloshed about the camp-hospitals, on their hands and knees they crawled in and out of their tents when the weather was so foul that the flaps had to be tightly laced almost to the bottom; in a terrible gale their tents collapsed on top of them; and they half froze under canvas in the bitter winter of 1916. The summer brought its troubles too, for when there were no duck-boards progress to and from their work was a weariness, their shoes filling up with heavy hot sand after two steps. There were no ping-pong, no dancing, no society but their own, and no leave outside the camp after 8 p.m. even in summer. I hope E.H.S. is not suggesting that the boys of to-day are too soft to take what their mothers and their aunts took yesterday, for I'm sure it isn't true.

Freasley, Nr. Tamworth. Ex-V.A.D.

KEIR HARDIE

SIR,—I am preparing a biography of James Keir Hardie, the great Socialist pioneer. I should be grateful, therefore, if any of your readers could lend me documents or supply me with references of any kind in this connection. I should be particularly interested in anything as yet unpublished in a biography of Hardie, or in any information on his anti-war activities.

Lenders may be assured that documents will be carefully preserved and promptly returned. HOWARD JONES

5 Clive Street, West Bromwich.

FIRST AID FOR THE ARTIST

SIR,—With much of Mr. Raymond Mortimer's article I agree and particularly with his criticism of the National Art Collections Fund which practically ignores contemporary art. But it is not altogether true to say "Art lies bleeding." Bad art certainly lies bleeding and is a horribly long time dying, but there are opportunities for the good artist unthought of twenty years ago. Everyone would benefit if there were fewer and better artists just as they would if there were fewer and better books.

Mr. Mortimer ignores firstly the introduction and improvement of the colour print which makes good art available in varying forms to everyone and which provides a handsome income to many artists whose work is good enough to be reproduced. The trouble here is that the standard of the original has to be high—a publisher will visit dozens of exhibitions before finding an original on which he dare risk what is a very considerable expenditure. Mr. Mortimer may be among the minority which considers no pictures at all better than a reproduction, but if he is his opinion is opposed to that of leading artists of to-day. A print cannot be identical with an original—it will probably fall far short of it, just as the performance by a local amateur dramatic society of a great play will fall far short of that of a professional London company. But both are surely worth while and Mr. Mortimer might be surprised to know that publishers are not infrequently told (but only by very good and modest artists) that they prefer the reproduction to the original!

Mr. Mortimer seems to hold that the artist can be assisted only by a revival in the buying of originals by wealthy industrialists or by the increased purchase of contemporary works by art galleries. I maintain that it is a good and democratic thing that people can now buy good reproductions cheaply with which they can live in their homes instead of only being able to see originals in the faintly forbidding atmosphere of an art gallery. It is especially encouraging that with such prints the best sell best—witness the thousands of reproductions of Van Gogh, Cézanne and such artists as the Nash brothers which have been sold. Such prints afford an entirely additional income to artists; they are of immense value to schools and they are being produced to an increasing extent in this country instead of in Germany.

There is also the outlet provided for artists by progressive firms who have used the work of the majority of first-rate artists for advertisements—Shell, the railway companies and some shipping firms. Here again the best score, and even if it is questionable whether it is altogether a good thing for Epstein's Adam to feature as a holiday turn at Blackpool, it is surely encouraging to see a good modern English landscape on the side of a petrol lorry.

Mr. Mortimer rightly laments the little use made of first-rate designers by English manufacturers. But it is not always the manufacturer who is to blame. Too often the artist expects the manufacturer to tell him exactly what he wants which is just what he doesn't know, any more than a book publisher knows, or the artist submits work which it is entirely impracticable to produce in bulk. The latter fault can be eliminated by a study of manufacturing and printing processes and particularly by visiting trade exhibitions and shops where an artist can see what is and what is not being produced. Artists are too frequently lacking in adaptability and really lazy in investigating manufacturing methods and costs.

Lastly, I am surprised that Mr. Mortimer seems to cling to the rather snobbish distinction between art and commercial art. No such distinction is made between literature and commercial literature, possibly because literature has no class functions quite comparable with the Royal Academy Banquet or a Bond Street Private View. Obviously the portrait painter, the art teacher, the professional designer of glass or furniture are all commercial artists, but the academic landscape painter, for instance, whose only difference is that he paints speculatively, will not have his job regarded as a trade. Yet every serious artist has the sale of his work at the back of his mind—he is seeking ultimately to decorate some church or gallery, some home or school. Someone recently said that the artist should be entertained in the kitchen; does any serious artist object to such a suggestion as to the worthiness of his craft? FRANK J. WARD

[Mr. Raymond Mortimer writes: Certainly I should welcome an increased sale for reproduction of good contemporary pictures, but the subject of this particular article was not the popularisation of art, important as this is, but the economic situation of the painter; and I believe that the income derived at present by good painters from such reproductions to be very small. Perhaps Mr. Paul Nash and Mr. John Nash will throw some light upon this point? In the past such popular painters as Holman Hunt sold the copyright of their works for prodigious sums—I only wish that good contemporary artists had similar opportunities.

I do not believe that any good picture (I am not speaking of posters) can be less good than the reproduction of it; and if the painter pretended that it was, I should guess that he was flattering the publisher. Far preferable, in any case, to mechanically made reproductions (and no more expensive) are lithographs, such as those now obtainable by Duncan Grant, Paul and John Nash, Francis Hodgkins, Graham Sutherland, Vanessa Bell, John Piper, Ivon Hitchens, and other excellent artists. I should like to see these in every school and in as many houses as possible.

Mr. Ward is mistaken in supposing I look chiefly to "wealthy industrialists" to help the painter. I specially emphasised the fact that pictures were not luxury objects, reserved for the very rich, and I urged the importance of persuading ordinary persons of the professional classes to buy pictures.

There is a fairly clear, and not snobbish, difference between fine art and commercial art, just as there is a distinction between literature and pot-boilers or technical books. Commercial art is commissioned or at any rate produced for a particular purpose. There is commercial art that I greatly admire, like Mr. McKnight Kauffer's posters and Mr. Graham Sutherland's china; and there is commercial art that I deplore, like Royal Academy portraits and most advertisements for beer and soap. I made the distinction because a commercial artist, whether good or bad, has economic advantages not enjoyed by the ordinary painter, with whose deplorable condition at the moment my article was concerned.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

Away from home

In moving about the country you may cash your own cheques anywhere. The Manager at your Branch will be pleased to pave the way in any given town so that your drawings may be honoured within pre-arranged limits. The business at this end takes only a few moments; nothing but a cheque book need be carried, and the utmost ease and safety are enjoyed. Or if you prefer the handy 'Travellers Cheque' of £2, £5, or £10, your Branch can sell them to you over the counter according to your needs

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The English Book Trade, by Marjorie Plant (Allen and Unwin, 16s.), contains a valuable accumulation of information about the economic history of the book trade from its origins until fairly modern times. It does not cover the whole ground, which is a vast one, though all branches of the trade are touched on. It is inevitable that the earlier periods, being less complex, are more satisfactorily dealt with than the later ones. As an example of an omission of great economic importance to-day is the book club, or book society, which supplies its members with cut-price copies of a book, frequently manufactured from inferior materials. The relations of the bookseller and the publisher are treated in a summary manner. The parts which are most interesting are the descriptions of conditions in the printing and binding trades and the part played by the Stationers' Company from the early days onwards. For a considerable period after the introduction of printing by Caxton, the functions of printer, publisher and bookseller were combined by one person, the Stationer, who frequently busied himself with other occupations as well. The demand for books was slow. Manuscript copies were made of poems, the classics were imported, and the early printers found their best market in romances and A.B.C.s. During the reign of Mary not a single book was bought for any of the Oxford or Cambridge Colleges. Mrs. Plant states:

> On examination one finds that the orders in the sixteenth century that a copy of the Bible should be placed in every parish church were issued at the behest of the printer, and not through any anxiety as to the religious welfare of the people.

Such a statement does not impress me: it is one of those literal truths which ignore the whole story. Again:

> In fifteenth-century Italy the whole industry turned on the paper-makers. In order to create a demand for their paper they employed scribes to write upon it.

Both these statements leave out what was in men's minds. If the Italian had not wanted to read, paper which had been written on would have been no more saleable than when it was blank; if there had not been a passionate interest on the part of all classes in the Bible, of which numbers of editions of various versions were sold, the idea of putting a copy in each church would not have appealed to the public. In America every room in every hotel has a Bible, which is most lucrative to the printers and binders who manufacture them. But the money for this is subscribed by the public, which regards the provision of a Bible as a necessary amenity. An economic interpretation of the history of the book trade is meaningless if it omits popular taste.

* * *

Printing, though slow in starting, soon alarmed the Government, and the monopoly of printing given to the Stationers' Company in the reign of Mary was chiefly so as to secure control of the press. In 1586 all printing in the provinces was forbidden by the Court of Star Chamber, so that the Government could more easily lay hands on the printers of seditious and blasphemous books. But the importation of banned books continued from the Continent, and pirated editions were printed in Scotland and Ireland, one of the former being Sidney's *Arcadia*. In the reign of Charles I carpenters and blacksmiths were forbidden to build new printing presses in the hopes of securing greater control. But, though the Stationers' Company was granted a monopoly, it did not exploit it as might have been expected. It was far more like a mediaeval craft guild than a city company, or a modern employers' federation. Many of its most irksome restrictions were framed to prevent any member from obtaining more than his fair share of the trade. Thus the number of presses which any master might own was limited. A regulation in the interests of the public prohibited binding books in sheepskin, which wears extremely badly. Another, in the interests of compositors, limited the number of copies which might be printed from standing type. If a book was a success the type had continually to be broken up and set up again. It is difficult to see how the publisher Dunton succeeded in selling 30,000 copies of a clergyman's despairing ejaculations in six weeks of publication in the year 1693 without infringing this rule. Apart from its wastefulness, this exasperating rule had the drawback that new misprints were continually likely to appear, and that technical improvements were impossible. Stereotype moulds were first taken in Holland in the sixteenth century, but stereotype printing did not begin in this country until nearly the end of the eighteenth.

* * *

These regulations kept printing houses small, and for that reason the conditions of the trade were good. Entry into it was limited to apprentices, bound for seven or more years, who lived with their masters' family and were naturally well treated. Their work was a skilled handicraft, and many of them rose to be masters themselves. Every detail of such employment was hedged in by traditional ceremonial, much of it ecclesiastical in origin, and circumscribed by traditional sanctions. Such conditions collapsed during the eighteenth century, and by the middle of the nineteenth conditions had become appalling. The following is the description of the printing of a Blue Book in 1840:

> Work began at noon and continued till half-past nine, when there was a break for a substantial supper of mutton pies, boiled beef and beer. . . . Work now began with increased intensity and there was no sign of flagging until about three in the morning. Even then work did not stop. By morning the atmosphere was smoky and stiflingly hot. It needed all the powers of hot coffee to rouse the men sufficiently to carry on until the arrival of the boy with the eleven o'clock beer, brought in by the same boy with the same unwashed face as yesterday. Try as they might, the men could not keep up the same rate of progress on the second day. . . . But by the end of the second night the whole volume was standing in type. . . . A young fellow fresh from the country . . . presents but a sorry spectacle to the view . . . A vigil of more than fifty hours, in an atmosphere that would poison a vulture, has added twenty years to his aspect, and indeed he will never thoroughly regain his former look. He begins to wander in his speech, he answers incoherently . . . but by the noon of the third day a small number of damp copies of the Blue Book were ready to lie on the table of the House of Commons.

The conditions in which these prodigies were performed were indescribably filthy: unventilated, ruinous and never cleaned. The mortality of printers was double that of agricultural labourers between the ages of 45 and 55; the mortality from tuberculosis double that of the ordinary community. Hours of work were normally extremely long. The boys employed at Clowes's works began at 7 a.m. and often finished at 10 or 11 p.m. In 1786 the first bookbinders' trade dispute was to reduce hours from 14 to 13 a day. Four men were sentenced to imprisonment for this, but after one of them had died a London sheriff intervened on their behalf and they were liberated and the hours reduced. The Combination Acts of 1799 and 1800, which made Trades Unions illegal, were never effective in the book trade, which had always enjoyed a corporate organisation. Thus the Trade Society of Compositors was formed in 1801, in defiance of the law, and obtained an increase of wages for book hands. When newspaper compositors made similar demands they were conceded by all the proprietors except the *Times*, which secured the conviction of nine of their men, who were told by the judge that they were sentenced "for a most wicked conspiracy to injure the most vital interests of those very employers who gave you bread." But in general the Combination Acts proved a dead letter. Mrs. Plant would have done well to describe in greater detail and to contrast conditions in the binding trade just before the war when it was a sweated industry, and to-day when much better conditions obtain. She gives a most interesting account of the changes which have taken place in the raw materials of paper. It will be remembered that the presence of esparto grass fibre was one of the pieces of evidence by which Messrs. Carter and Pollard convicted the late T. J. Wise of literary forgery.

DAVID GARNETT

THAT WE ARE FOR IT

The Fate of Homo Sapiens. By H. G. WELLS. *Secker and Warburg.* 7s. 6d.

One's first impression is that the fountain is playing as merrily as ever. Or perhaps the catherine wheel offers a better metaphor; as it revolves, it throws its brightly coloured sparks in all directions, lighting up with flashing phrases the dark places of our world. Scarcely a facet of the contemporary scene is left unilluminated. We hear, for example, that the Russian experiment is being endangered by the suppression of intelligence, but that liberty of thought and speech may be restored sooner than any of us expect; that all Germans will shortly be de-Christianised; that the Nazis like inflicting pain because of their consciousness of their own weakness—it is not the strong, self-confident man who bullies and tortures but the sensitive weakling, testing his own powers of endurance by trying out pain on the dog; that the next war will be briefer than the last and less decisive, and that the settlement that succeeds it will be the prelude to further conflicts; that the British Empire will probably break up whether there is war or not; that the apparent solidarity of the United States may disintegrate and America relapse into a congeries of separate States; that there will be revolution in Japan and that China will become a battleground between Communism and Methodist Christianity sponsored by Chiang-Kai-Shek. We are told why men react against Utopias with self-protective hatred, and why our governors are so ignorant—they never have time to read anything.

All this is conveyed with great force of argument and pungency of phrase, salted with a liberal measure of plain speaking. Take this for example on Herr Hitler: "It is plain that the Fuehrer is insane; he shows all the symptoms of a recognised form of sex mania, the jealous fear and hate of the great raping black man—who in his case becomes the Jew. . . . He should be certified and put under restraint."

So enlivened and exhilarated is the reader by the pyrotechnics and intellectual fisticuffs, that it is some time before he becomes sensible of the atmosphere of gloom by which as he continues to read he finds himself increasingly enshrouded. H. G. is discouraged and says so; he has been ill, he feels old, he has to record a loss of flexibility and a certain narrowing of his horizons; he cannot adapt himself as easily and often as he would like, and when the minds of younger contemporaries, for example, Professors J. B. S. Haldane and J. D. Bernal, seem to be working on parallel lines to his own, so different is the form of statement in which their Marxist background finds expression that he cannot be quite sure whether they agree with him or not.

It may be, Wells frankly allows, that these personal factors have darkened his judgment, and jaundiced the eye with which he regards the future of our species. Whatever the reason, there is a vast change from the sanguine ebullient H. G. of our youth. "There will be no world unification," he prophesies, "because our species is too distraught and divided for anything of the sort. What seems much more likely is a catastrophe quite soon, at latest within two or three years' time—a lapse into actual warfare, red war, on a planetary scale." For he thinks there are "reasons for believing that the human species is already staggering past the zenith of its ascendancy and is on its way through a succession of disasters to extinction."

What must be done, if catastrophe is to be averted? Mankind must learn to adapt itself to the new conditions of living which its own inventive talent has established. The effect of the technological revolution of the last hundred years is very much that of doubling at bridge. On the one hand, there is held out to us the prospect of an amplitude and richness of life which outdistance the wildest dreams of the Utopiasts of the past: "So far as economic circumstances go, the world could be organised to provide every living soul upon it with abundant food, housing and leisure, and that without direct compulsion to toil or any irksome monotony of employment. We have passed in a single lifetime from a general neediness to a practicable plenty for all."

On the other, we are brought within measurable distance of destruction through our inability to meet the challenge of the new world which science has made for us. The steps necessary for the salvaging of the world are sufficiently obvious; they include the elimination of the tradition of war, the establishment of a collective economy, and the setting up of a world organisation of "an active, progressive, imaginatively exciting nature."

But, Wells insists, no such obvious steps can be taken unless there is first a reorientation of the mind of civilisation. Thus,

Overheads

In a Sussex stores last Saturday I ducked as one of those fascinating but rather startling cash conveyors shot along the wires, narrowly missing my head. It prompted my friend to remind me of the child who thought these conveyors must be the "overhead expenses."

In tailoring, this item of "overheads" can assume considerable proportions. It usually includes rent and upkeep of premises, fixtures and furnishing, depreciation of stocks, publicity and credit to customers.

With many tailors the aggregate of these items puts quite a lot on to the price you pay for a suit. High rent, in order to perpetuate the fallacy that first-class tailoring can only be done in certain exclusive quarters; an expensive shop-front, to look ultra-modest or ultra-immodest as the case may be; wasted advertising in unsuitable papers; an elastic credit that stretches from one generation to another; these are the "overheads" to be reckoned in the calculation which decides how much you will pay.

Goss's "overheads" are more simple than this. They are reduced to an unusually low proportion by modest first-floor premises, by Goss's reliance on customers' recommendation, supplemented by an occasional advertisement such as this, and by the rule which expects all customers to pay cash.

In short you get what you pay for in Goss tailoring, for, apart from a reasonable profit, all you pay goes into highest-quality materials and first-class workmanship. The more important parts of the work—the measuring, cutting and fitting—are done by Mr. Goss and Mr. Whitehouse personally.

No matter what you pay for a Goss suit you will get the highest standards of workmanship down to the smallest details. The price only varies according to the materials chosen.

Why not join the ever-growing number of "New Statesman" readers who come to Goss regularly for their tailoring? In addition to the normal clothes for this country (we dare not say climate!) Goss makes tropical and other special outfits, and can make a suit from the pattern of an old one for overseas or country customers who cannot come to London.

A Goss lounge suit or overcoat of the very best materials costs from Eight to Ten Guineas, whilst there is a good selection of thoroughly dependable materials costing from Six to Eight Guineas for a suit or overcoat. Dress suits from Nine Guineas.

★

T. GOSS & COMPANY

GOSS
Tailoring

15 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1

'Phone: City 7159

though he sees the urgent necessity of superseding the sovereignty of the anarchic nation-State, he dismisses Streit's proposals for Federal Union on the ground that any plan for the establishment of a new world order demands in the first instance "a preliminary mental cosmopolis." In other words, as the failure of the League has shown, it is no use devising world-regenerative machinery until there exist men and women with the mental outlook required to work it.

And so we come to Wells's own recipe, which is "a reconditioning and reorientation of the human mind." It is only, he thinks, in "a permanent organisation of knowledge, systematically assembled, consistently extended and renewed and made freely and easily accessible to everyone, that there is the slightest hope of our species meeting the serried challenges of destiny that advance upon it." It is to such an organisation of the intellectual resources of our race that Wells has in these later years persistently devoted himself. He tells the story of the writing of the *Outline of History*, of the *Science of Life* and of the *Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind*. He recounts the history of his project for an Encyclopedia to do for the twentieth century what Diderot and his fellow workers did for the eighteenth, and speaks deprecatingly of these amateurish efforts to perform a job which the Universities with their infinitely greater resources so deplorably shirk.

Wells, I think, is as stimulating as ever. His effect upon the mind is that of the entry of a pair of glove stretchers into a glove. When the stretchers are withdrawn, the glove is wider and ampler. Is it more shapely? I am not sure. Wells's later work suffers from a certain formlessness. It is a good mental exercise when one has finished one of his books, to make for one's own benefit a précis of the outstanding conclusions. What precisely has he been saying? What in sum does it amount to? I know of no great writer who offers quite such difficulties to the compiler of such a précis. For what after all does it amount to? The mind of the race must be reorientated; modern man must acquire a world outlook. No doubt, but how? We are not told. Wells has done his best, and, as he himself admits, has failed.

And so, presumably, we are "For It." I think it is Bertrand Russell who somewhere records his reflections upon observing the great apes in captivity at the Zoo. As they gaze sadly out through their bars upon the curious members of a higher species, he detects in the wistful melancholy of their large eyes a note of bewildered inquiry. Why, they seem to be asking themselves, did we not also continue to develop? What was the trick we failed to learn? Where did we miss the way? A similar reflection is engendered in the mind of the reader of Wells's epitaph on mankind. As he reads of the new Dark Age that will succeed the forthcoming series of wars, an age at once tougher and wickeder than the Dark Ages of the past, an age in which the only knowledge that survives in the holes and corners and secret places of the earth is the knowledge which will enable men to destroy one another, as he hears of the renewal of the variations in viruses and pestilential germs which will presently break out in new types of diseases, of the destruction of cities, the deterioration of health, the shortening of life, and comes at last to the final prophecy: "Mankind, which began in a cave and behind a windbreak, will end in the diseased-soaked ruins of a slum," he can imagine a survivor of our species looking wistfully back to the legendary Golden Age that preceded the catastrophes of 1914 and 194—, and asking himself the apes' question, how did our species come to go wrong; where did we miss the way? And with that question man finally quits the cosmic stage as the last and the cleverest of the great apes, the ape who was clever enough to invent the means of transforming his life, yet not clever enough to take advantage of the opportunity which invention had brought within his grasp. We must adapt ourselves or perish; for unless we can adapt ourselves in time, we shall go to join the Mesozoic reptiles, the pterodactyls and the other failures with which the path of evolution is littered on the scrap-heap of life's discarded experiments.

C. E. M. JOAD

INDEX

An Index to volume XVII of the "New Statesman and Nation" is now ready and will be sent free, on application, to registered postal subscribers; to other readers post free, one shilling.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THE AMERICAN IN FRANCE

A Diary of the French Revolution. By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS. *Harrap.* 2 vols., 42s.

This journal might be the raw material of at least two Henry James novels on the theme of the American in Europe, *The Ambassadors* and *The Sense of the Past*. Gouverneur Morris was sent to Paris and to London on various commercial and diplomatic missions between 1789 and 1793, all but the last year of which is covered by this diary. In France he frequented aristocratic society, by which he was at once attracted and appalled. His letters and journals show that he realised as well as any other witness the rottenness of the French system of government, the ineffectiveness of the measures of reform taken, the weakness and vacillation of the king, the decadence of the Court, and the corruption of the ruling class. He sympathised intellectually with the republicans (for he was, himself, the most proud of American citizens); yet as one reads on one realises that his life was sweetened by intercourse with the eighteenth-century French aristocracy, whilst at the same time he found French republicanism very different from anything in America.

In fact, the America of 1789 is almost as remote from the France of that date as the America of a hundred years later, and Morris, in his reactions to contemporary France, is often like Pendrel reacting in *A Sense of the Past* to England of the eighteenth century. He is intrigued, he is worried, he is fascinated, he is in love, he is shocked. He is aware all the time of a richness of civilisation combined with social and moral standards of living which horrify him. The extent to which he can be shocked by that incarnation of the Past for an American—the French aristocrats—is physical like Pendrel's, and, for that matter, like our own when we read his journals. On one occasion he asks his mistress, Madame Flahaut, "whether it be true that the Count Louis de Narbonne is the Fruit of an incestuous union between the late King and Madame Adelaide his daughter. She tells me that this is the general opinion and she believes it to be true. I express my Horror, upon which she tells me that the Count de M(ontmorin), for whom I express so much esteem, lives with Madame de B(eaumont), his Daughter. I hope this is not true. This has been a rainy, disagreeable Day." The next day he has occasion to comment. "Madame being ill goes into the Bath and when placed there sends for me. It is a strange place to receive a Visit but there is Milk mixed with the water, consequently the Parts immersed are invisible. She tells me it is usual to receive visits in the Bath. . . "

Morris leaves a safe and apparently happy domestic life in America (where he had a wife); yet although in every way he remains a faithful American and a spectator abroad, he has, like Strether in *The Ambassadors*, a "chink in his armour" (to use the words of the editor of these volumes)—Madame Flahaut. The fascination of this book lies chiefly in watching a very frank and Jamesian exposure of the double life of the American abroad who nevertheless remains an American—but an American in some way enormously enhanced and consciously civilised by his new environment. Surely the various correspondents, from George Washington downwards, to whom Morris writes would have had misgivings had they read these pages in which the history of commercial transactions, and shrewd political observations, is inextricably interlocked with nights of drunkenness, the "Cyprian rites" with Madame Flahaut, and even passages where the editor has left dots, considering them too physical for the taste of the twentieth-century reader? What would they have thought had they realised the role played by the leg Morris lost in America, the absence of which undoubtedly was an incentive to his love affairs?

Yet the American does not become corrupted and debauched. As one reads his closely packed pages of endless meetings, social engagements, and other transactions, one realises that there is a solid singleness which welds together his double life into one unity: simply that he had a passion for the facts of life, in every sense of the term. He turns quickly from an account of some event of historic importance to some new phase of his love affair: everything in his diary is treated on the same plane, and in the whole 1,200 pages, although there is some development, there are extraordinarily few changes of emotional experience, scarcely any ups-and-downs.

Again like Pendrel in *The Sense of the Past*, this American, matter of fact and even cynical as he is, does gradually become appalled at the confusion produced by the conflict of the Past with the Present, to the extent of putting his fingers into the Time

LONGING FOR A CHANGE

Many poor mothers in the crowded areas of our towns and cities long for a glimpse of the sea or country. Their need of a respite from the anxieties of slum life is urgent. In thousands of cases this has been made possible by the Church Army Fresh Air Homes, but if you were to lend a hand, many more could enjoy this happy, health-giving experience.

£5 gives a poor mother of the slums and three children a glorious fortnight.

£1 will give one week's restful holiday to poor mother with baby.

Gifts welcomed by Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY
FRESH AIR HOMES

CO-OPERATIVE BANKING SERVICE

The 116,000 customers of the C.W.S. Bank form the most notable advertisement of its banking service. Current accounts and Deposit accounts opened for individuals and organisations alike.

Write to-day

C.W.S. BANK

Head Office: 1 Balloon Street, MANCHESTER

BRANCHES:
99 Leman Street, LONDON, E.1
42 Kingsway, W.C.2
Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster
West Blandford Street, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE
Broad Quay, BRISTOL

COSTS THE SAME AS ORDINARY TYRES

but NOW HAS TEETH

The DUNLOP 'STANDARD'

Better tyre value than ever!

A NEW COVER deserves A NEW DUNLOP TUBE

9H/163

Machine, and trying to save the unfortunate king from his destiny. All through his diary he longs for a constitutional, reformist, up-to-date, American solution of France's difficulties. What horrifies him most is the unnecessary waste and violence of the Revolution:

> "This afternoon," he writes, on September 2nd, 1792, "they announce the Murder of Priests who had been shut up in the *Carmes*. They then go to the Abbaie and murder the prisoners there. This is horrible."

Morris had a great reputation with his contemporaries for political foresight, but I do not think this journal is exciting either for the penetration with which he analyses political personalities and events, or for the quality of his ideas. What it affords is a solid factual picture, which, although at times boring, does not fail for a moment to impress and convince one. One can wish that he had been as assiduous in his reporting of scenes in the Parisian streets as he is in noting his visits to drawing rooms. Yet there is always the sense of the mob outside his windows, and of the forces which were destroying the society he visited, even though he regards the leaders of the Revolution with a disdain which reduces them to less than life size. But most readers will like this book for the portrait of the man himself, who stands between us and the French Revolution and who is at once much more like us than the French feudal society, and who still retains an eighteenth century toughness and complacency from which we are far removed. It is an account of the American abroad at his most privileged in time and situation. STEPHEN SPENDER

NEW NOVELS

This Time a Better Earth. By TED ALLAN. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Blackberry Winter. By EVELYN HANNA. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

William's Room. By ALICE ROSMAN. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mister Johnson. By JOYCE CARY. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The really bad imitators of Hemingway have a curious, and admittedly deniable, charm: they may not be everybody's cup of tea any more than those shaving cream advertisements ("what, not ready, Jack, and we are going to the banquet and we shall miss all the speeches"), Amanda Ros, Angela Brazil, Dean Farrar and the other literary sports, but they have their public. "A guy called Plato" doesn't actually come into *This Time a Better Earth*, but all the other fittings are there and amazingly up-to-date at that; the Hôtel Nacional and all the seedy, boozy dames and guys who lived there for the sake of the hot water and their ideals, the gallons of whiskey and the thrilling exotic words, *No Pasaran*, *Camaradas*, *Salvo Conducto* and all the other props that will do until the next twenty-five stories arrive with *Hugo's Self-Taught Chinese* embedded in them. The exciting thing is that this book has in it a character who also appears in Hemingway's piece about The Fifth Column, the carnivorous Moorish Tart. Here she bites someone called Wellington instead of someone called Rogers, but otherwise the material is the same, and the hero has a blonde girl with a cupboard full of tinned food. If lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place there is nothing to prevent a nice wet fall of rain from following a healthy flash. It would be funny if it wasn't about Spain—as it is, it has a clinical interest. This drunken, sloppy crowd of Madrid soft jobbers, these politically conscious barflies, are the people who were responsible for the disillusionment of those idealists who sunk their repugnance towards blood letting and went from all over the Western World to fight for Democracy in Spain. They appeared in the front lines with devastating effect, well fed, well liquored, and well tubbed in the Nacional's hot water; they had grand stories of the factional fights that went on in Madrid and Valencia, and they were themselves. The young men went on fighting with ashes in their mouths, they were not more careful of their lives because they were poisoned with doubt as to what they were so painfully defending. The book quotes a sonnet by a member of the International Brigade called Joseph Seligman which possesses a melancholy interest:

> Not yours to ask you why, when we are done,
> The little time we spent before the sun
> Was bought so dearly, with such wealth of grief,
> Such wasted hopes, such sad betrayed belief.

And so it goes on, the sort of thing one might find in the magazine of a school literary society, filled with the intense gloom of adolescence; written as it was by a man of twenty-three in the middle of a war fought on principles of some importance, it is sufficiently distressing—there is something ghastly in it as a record of the state of mind in which a man died.

"Much better than *Gone With the Wind*," say Messrs. Hutchinson on a special slip wrapped round *Blackberry Winter*, introducing a practice which both promises a new source of grief to the author and lays down a new minimal standard. The remark is in any case not quite fair; the book is no better than Miss Mitchell's and it is without the courageous if mistaken spirit that *Gone With the Wind* shared with *Anthony Adverse*: a sort of devil-may-care spirit which allowed their authors to cram in every damn thing that ever took their fancy in anything they'd ever read about the periods with which their books dealt. *Blackberry Winter* commits the fatal error of flirting with probability, and it is just possible that the characters in it could have lived the lives mapped out for them; the historical framework holds together and a family if fed on a sufficiently stimulating diet could manage the extensive sexual activity in the time allowed. The writing is, however, near the top of its class, and it carries even the most humdrum incident effortlessly into cloud cuckooland: one fine spring morning a Mrs. Merriman meets a Colonel, as anyone might, and the Colonel talks about the weather as Colonels will, she says it's too early in the year to be spring and he comes right back at her with, "Why, the Honeysuckle is waving its pale pink chiffon handkerchiefs in the woods, the young oaks are uncurling their tight red fists. . . ."

The temptation is to recommend the book for laying down—like port; for one's children or grandchildren, it will mature to compare with *Eric*; however, the Forsyte-Adverse reader should like it, the length is ideal for the summer holiday, there is a meaty rambling story to bite on, and the cost is less than a farthing a page.

To give *Blackberry Winter* its due, one must confess that it does not number intellectual poverty among its defects, it bears witness to a lively curiosity about people that is not limited to a particular class and an interest in history which is not limited to battle and biography. These things do a good deal to offset the extravagant innocence and the lack of mental discipline which ensure its mediocrity. It is this saving grace of vitality, common in even third-rate American novels, which makes the American critic look with such a lack-lustre eye on the average English novel; an easy way out is to attribute the coarsely expressed disrespect of Bunker's Hill, the Alabama, and all the other foundation-incidents of Anglo-American friendship, but there is, unfortunately, more to the American case than that. *William's Room* is better than the average novel; in point of craftsmanship it is streets ahead of *Blackberry Winter*, the observation is meticulous and accurate and there is not an incident irrelevant to the plot. And yet all this craftsmanship is expended on something as worth while as Magna Charta engraved on a sixpenny bit: the nuances of speech and thought of a particular section of the middle class, action so confined by special circumstances as to be isolated from common humanity. Crispin, Simon, Penelope, Rosemary, and Hester's paying guest, with their unamorous loves, their little cattinesses, their nice jokes—a car called "the Relic"—are in such a private world that it seems not to be part of any world; the thing has the sort of flatness that poisons a family joke in print. The Americans see this obsession with tender-skinned people and their bruising and hurtings as feebleness, a sort of anaemia, which is making English literature a thing of purely parochial interest. It is hardly to be denied that the obsession is common enough to justify the theory. Just as the nineteenth-century landscape painters forgot the elements that distinguish a picture from a sketch there is a danger that novelists—in this country—will become so absorbed in human feelings that they may forget that they are only interesting because they provide the reasons for human behaviour. Moreover, the quietist approach which is almost essential to building up the picture of a state of mind—tea-tabling, as Mr. Isherwood described it, with particular reference to E. M. Forster—becomes entirely pointless if it is divorced from action. In the case of the writers who have achieved really profound psychological observation it is in fact almost invariably combined with melodramatic action.

There is quite certainly no uglier form of prose than that written in the historic present; recommending a novel written in that horrible tense goes very much against the grain, but it cannot, unfortunately, be avoided. *Mister Johnson* is an excellent novel in everything but style, and one can even forgive that because the author uses a great deal of dialogue and her mastery of that difficult art is little short of astonishing. It is about an isolated station in

Nigeria which is being opened up for trade: there are the bush natives, the semi-educated natives of the station, a Cockney trader, and the officials; Mister Johnson is a native clerk in Government employ and his uneasy relations with the bush natives from whom he marries a wife on one side and the alien whites on the other are the theme of the book. Johnson's personal tragedy is a satisfying and convincing story, impersonally considered it presents a problem which we should think about whether we think of ourselves as people in the world or citizens of an Empire, and at the same time there is a great deal of very delicate pyschological writing which is all the more impressive for being expressed in dialogue. The Colonial Officer is fair game, and the best he can hope for is to figure as the dumb hero in a satire. For once he receives just and sympathetic treatment. In spite of its prattling air, a very good book.

ANTHONY WEST

GUIDES FOR THE FOREIGNERS

The English: from Pirates to Prophets. By EDMOND PRIVAT, translated by EDWARD CRANKSHAW. *Allen and Unwin.* 5*s.*

King, Lords and Gentlemen. By KARL ABSHAGEN. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"*England, my England!* But which is my England?" Lawrence asked, giving the choice between the remnants of a moribund feudalism and the decay of an already superannuated industry.

Here we are offered a different choice, a French or a German England, each of these books being written to explain us to their author's fellow countrymen. The French book is urbane, dated and smooth, gliding easily over the surface of our history, picking up a book here, an action there and a character somewhere else and producing from this historical *collage* a picture of our nation as it is. The result is an England which all cultivated English (cultivated, that is, in the tradition of Baldwin, Peter Fleming and Lord Elton) will be proud of—a dear, quaint, old, paradoxical democracy where Conservatives turn out to be the only true liberals, and Socialists the real conservatives; where the Empire is really just a League of Nations, and the Royal Family as human as you or me; where the Christian conscience is continually pricking even the hardest-faced of business men; where the traditional forms and ceremonies, cherished and loved by rich and poor alike, mask the democratic reality beneath:

> The uninstructed foreigner finds England conservative indeed when his eyes are dazzled by the doctorial robes at Oxford or astonished by the wig of the Speaker of the House of Commons. Yet, on the very same day, he will have to think it no less amazingly advanced when he hears that the Prime Minister is in conference with a deputation of miners.

Amazingly advanced! A Prime Minister soiling his breath by talking to miners. (Yet we must admit that the majority of English are content with equally bogus symbols of their democracy.)

Herr Abshagen would not be taken in as easily as that. His survey, much solider, heavier, and more realistic, makes it clear that he knows that if the Prime Minister is talking to a deputation of miners (even if that Minister were Ramsay MacDonald) it is only because he realises that these troublesome people have to be placated. He may talk to the miners; but the people he listens to are the lords and gentlemen, the great families, the political secretaries, the business men, the ruling class, which still, in spite of forced concessions, keeps the reins of power in its very capable and privileged fingers. Where M. Privat sees "the whole moral history of the English people" in the "operation of the Christian conscience," Herr Abshagen entitles his chapter on religion *A Church for Gentlemen*, and reaches the conclusion that it is a "pillar of the existing constitutional and social order."

Not that he writes in any denunciatory spirit. Far from it. *King, Lords and Gentlemen* is a well informed, impartial survey of the ruling classes in England, of how they are selected and educated and of how they function both behind and in front of the scenes. It covers the whole field of the Court, society, politics, the City, the Civil Services and the armed forces, with character sketches of some of the leading personalities, soberly showing where the power really lies and in whose interests it is used.

Herr Abshagen, being a Nazi, understands something about classes: M. Privat, if he does, prefers to pass over such an indelicate subject. Describing the "best type" of middle-class Englishman

of traditional culture, he gives his French readers the illusory impression that he is describing The English. Herr Abshagen, with an opposite exaggeration (giving a sop, perhaps, to his propaganda ministry), discovers "pronounced racial differences between the upper classes and the other categories of the population," evidence for which he finds in the marked difference in speech habits and in the physical weight, height and wealth of the privileged and the unprivileged classes; but, having given his sop, he shows elsewhere that he quite understands that the real cause is to be found in the unequal educational standard of the respective income levels.

Apart from this and a few mild slaps at the Jews, there is no propaganda in the book. Herr Abshagen knows England well, and it is interesting to find so impartial an exposure of the realities of the English social and political scene. All the same, in spite of the impartiality, it might be wiser not to put his book into the School or the Public library; it gives the game away too thoroughly and might put ideas into young people's heads. It would be safer, now we are making a good deal of play with our democracy, to buy M. Privat's more flattering and, as they say, "balanced" account.

T. C. WORSLEY

A VALIANT WOMAN

The Wolseley Heritage. By MARJORIE PEGRAM. *Murray.* 15s.

Miss Pegram carries self-effacement so far in this memoir of Frances, Viscountess Wolseley that she does not even tell the reader how it came about that she was entrusted in Lady Wolseley's lifetime with the task of writing it. It would be interesting to know what made Lady Wolseley so sure that Miss Pegram had the right qualifications. So sure that she took Miss Pegram into her confidence, told her without reserve the whole story of her life, and put diaries, note-books and letters to document it at her service. The memoir was in fact compiled in collaboration with Lady Wolseley, and as she was a singularly honest person—Miss Pegram observed at their first meeting that her eyes "were the steadiest, most honest eyes imaginable"—no doubt about its authenticity ever arises.

I am not inclined to find fault with Miss Pegram for having devoted what some may think a disproportionate amount of space to the history of Lady Wolseley's estrangement from her parents, although it has compelled her to curtail the record of her work as a pioneer in gardening for women, and of her services in organising women's labour on the land during the war. For in this history, unfolded in the letters of the people concerned, there is more to be learned about human nature than in the treatises of professional psychologists. Further, it makes entirely credible that the behaviour of these autocratic parents to their daughter when she realised that she had a life of her own, and was alone responsible for its course, gave her a shock from which she never recovered. She had too much deep and genuine affection for them not to suffer from the charge that she was an unnatural daughter, a monster of ingratitude. Enduring it with patience and magnanimity in her lifetime, she wished it to be refuted after her death. The platitude that "there must have been faults on both sides," in which people who pride themselves on their tolerance and impartiality are apt to take refuge when they hear of the rupture of a human relationship, is altogether inapplicable in this case. I cannot consider it a fault in Frances Wolseley that she, like Cordelia, could not heave her heart into her mouth. It was merely a disability, as her godfather, Lord Mountstephen, a far more kind, generous and sympathetic friend to her than her father in blood, sensibly recognised, but it none the less enraged her mother, a brilliant and attractive woman with a lust for compliments and endearments. "I wish you found F. less cold," she wrote to Lord Wolseley. "She is so good and dependable and clever and capable that all we can wish her to be changed in is to have a little more warmth. It is like someone who is minus a faculty, like having a deaf and dumb heart." Lord Wolseley could have pleaded like Adam that the woman tempted him. His wife seldom wrote to him without making some complaint or other of Frances, calculated to put him against her, and undermine his affection and respect. Jealousy appears to have been a factor in this detestable campaign. Lady Wolseley (Louisa Erskine), was one of those egotistical and possessive women who desire with an almost insane passion to stand not only first, but alone, in the regard of those they love. Her husband, reputed a man of strong character, was weak enough to be persuaded that Frances had no use for her parents, and wished to put them out of her life. It was quite untrue, as her affectionate letters prove. But no more was needed to transform his tender feeling for his child into something very like hate. Miss Pegram, perhaps prompted by Frances, offers senile decay, which prematurely overtook the hero of Tel-el-Kebir, as the most charitable explanation of his conduct in going to a lawyer in 1909, four years before his death, and leaving with him a document, "to be produced by him, should my wife deem it necessary at any time," attributing the estrangement to "Frances's self-elected desertion of her natural home." Yet he had expressed the wish that she should never visit her "natural home" unless specially invited and she was not invited. There is any amount of proof that she was ready to go at any time, although she probably realised that Lord Mountstephen had got at the truth when he told her that her father and mother really preferred "being alone by their two selves, being all the world to each other."

A petty family squabble, you may say. Well, after all, in one aspect so is *King Lear*. Perhaps that is why this biography so often brought Cordelia to my mind. For another reason, I thought of Hamlet.

> O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
> Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me.

Miss Pegram has executed her Horatian task extremely well, reporting the cause of Frances, Viscountess Wolseley aright in every sense of the word. Let no one imagine from my concentration on it that it was an obsession with her, nor that it in any way distracted her from her chief interest in life, "the two oldest industries in the world, agriculture and horticulture." Another interest was friendship. "Pals are a comfort," she once wrote in her diary. Her memoir of one of her most devoted pals, Lord Mountstephen, is reprinted in the book. Her description of his home, Brocket, which brought repose even to the turbulent spirit of Lady Caroline Lamb, shows how beautifully she could write of places she loved. She was very observant both of people and things, as no one who reads her account of a visit to Windsor Castle in the last years of Victoria's reign can doubt. A tribute from her pal, Mary Campion, shows that she chose the life that suited her best. "I've never known anyone who took all the gods give of beauty and 'long unhampered days' more than you do; there isn't a bit of the joy of the country that you miss, and your life is full and very useful, and really rather beautiful. You make all the atmosphere around you a very serene and happy one." In spite of the prominence given to the family squabble, it is this atmosphere which pervades the story of her life.

CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN

BEWARE OF THE PEN

Analysis of Handwriting. By H. J. JACOBY. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

The Chinese knew long ago all about the revelation of character in handwriting. In Europe perception in this matter has been slower, and in this country we have been backward in recognising the development of scientific graphology, to which this book affords an admirable introduction. Graphology, Mr. Jacoby admits, is not an exact science, for "the correct interpretation of a handwriting is not an objective procedure in keeping with the principles of exact methods: on the contrary, the subjective personality of the interpreter is a decisive factor." He must have at least "talent for observation and psychological penetration": to get the best results he ought, like the Abbé Michon, a pioneer in graphology, to be "an intuitively powerful observer of human nature." One may perhaps call graphology an art as much as a science. It depends partly on certain general rules and tendencies; partly on careful and practised observation of detail; largely on skill; very largely on a wide, intelligent and imaginative understanding of human beings; and, to an extent not easily determined, on intuition, or a sixth sense, or second sight, or a kind of empathy.

Mr. Jacoby combines moderation, thoroughness and exactness with no slight ability as an imaginative psychologist. He is anxious to stress the *usefulness* of graphology. He shows us that the scribblings of small children can be psychologically revealing; that the problems of problem children may be better understood by what their writing shows, and of problem adults too; that analysis of handwriting is helpful in determining what careers the young shall follow; that it is useful to employers in estimating the qualities of potential employees; to detectors of crime; to those who intend to take a partner, whether in the office or the

bed; and so on. To prepare us for this conception of the usefulness of graphology, and in fact for acceptance of the idea that there is an important place in our society for the professional, scientific, consulting graphologist, he gives us first a general notion of the basis of the subject, then a detailed and very well and fully illustrated setting forth of the psychological significance of such characteristics as legibility, movement, size, spacing, variability, and the formation of letters. You may flatter yourself on the legibility of your hand—but be careful, for although this very legibility may indicate a sincere and unambiguous character, it may, taken with other evidence, be a sign of "inner barrenness, lack of originality, and a conventional outlook," or it may even be nothing but "a cloak which is used to produce the appearance of clarity and sincerity." You with your fine airs and your copperplate hand, beware of the graphologist! If you aren't a wolf in sheep's clothing, you may be just a sheep in sheep's clothing, or a silly little lamb dressed as mutton. Safety first: get a typewriter, and type your signature too, for signatures are awfully revealing.

The usefulness of graphology, so ably explained by Mr. Jacoby and so easily confirmable by experience, can hardly be contested. One would like also to stress its pleasures. As a parlour game it has its dangers, for it may lead to a spilling, even a cataract, of beans, and a sortie *en masse* of cats from the bag. But if you want to know the best and the worst of your friends and your enemies, to see what is behind their façades and up their sleeves, forbid them to telephone, make them write to you, quiz their letters, their "garlands," "arcades," "sacré coeur connections," and such things as "an emphasis of tendencies to the left and absence of tendencies to the right in the upper zone," and you will be delighted to find how they confirm your suspicions of your enemies and your love and respect for your friends. Don't get haughty about it, for after a study of Mr. Jacoby they will soon be able to put *you* in your place. WILLIAM PLOMER

PERMANENT GARDENING

Wall Shrubs and Hardy Climbers. By W. J. BEAN. *Putnam.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Twentieth Century Gardening. By CHARLES ELEY. *Country Life.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Flowering Shrub Garden. By MICHAEL HAWORTH-BOOTH. *Country Life.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Hardy Bulbs, Vol. III. By LT.-COL. C. H. GREY. *Williams and Norgate.* 45*s.*

The first three books deal with what, for want of a better word, might be called permanent gardening. Mr. Bean is the doyen of the world of shrubs and trees, and for their increasing popularity we are to a large extent indebted to him. Mr. Eley's book "is an endeavour to interest beginners in the most satisfying form of gardening, and, if possible, to induce the migratory occupier of a garden to leave behind him in every case some lasting memorial of his passage," whilst Mr. Haworth-Booth testifies that "one of the particular charms of a good shrub garden is that it is beautiful all the year round; in no other type of gardening is there such a fundamental feeling of constructiveness for the future." So it is not just that shrubs cost little to start with, demand little for maintenance, and give much in return. Admittedly few beginners start their gardening with an appreciation of the beauty and value of shrubs, but those who succumb like to think that it marks a further, and perhaps final, stage of their progress.

The first part of *Wall Shrubs and Hardy Climbers* deals with cultivation, methods of support, pruning, and explains the various types of shrubs and climbers. Here useful recommendations are made for walls of differing heights and aspects, for pergolas, and so on. The author makes it clear that the real virtue of a wall is its provision of conditions suitable for growing beautiful shrubs too tender for the open garden. Part II, which comprises the bulk of the book, consists of notes and descriptions, listed alphabetically, of *all* climbers, and of the author's selection of shrubs. These notes are packed with interesting observations and facts. It is to be hoped that Mr. Bean's book will be widely bought and his advice acted upon, for, as he says, the monotony of many streets could be relieved by judicious planting, and there is no building too humble to provide a site on which a beautiful plant might be established.

Mr. Eley's book was first published sixteen years ago, and this revised and enlarged edition provides an opportunity for those who have not travelled with him before to rectify that omission. From his sympathetic description of Canon Ellacombe's garden besides much else, Mr. Eley will not quarrel, I think, if he were described as following the tradition set by *In a Gloucestershire Garden*. He is, by the way, the Mr. Eley of that delightful crab-apple *Pyrus Eleyi*.

Twentieth Century Gardening starts off with a chapter each on public, private and school gardens (the last chapter by Mr. G. H. Johnstone), and on roadside planting, before it settles down to its main purpose—garden making. Here Mr. Eley has many wise things to say, and, as always, he displays the caution of the widely experienced. Subsequent chapters are devoted to hedges, conifers, deciduous and evergreen trees and shrubs, etc., and contain lists with his own descriptions and shrewd remarks. He gives also a characteristic short essay on fashion, and a useful chapter on gardening books. Altogether this is a delightful book.

In *The Flowering Shrub Garden* the author describes the principles he evolved in making, without skilled assistance, a garden formed of flowering shrubs alone. He sets himself a difficult task in the early chapters for, without a particular site in mind, the reader is apt to hesitate in subscribing to the general application of some of the axioms laid down regarding arrangements and settings. Nevertheless, the author is convincing, and it is obvious that he has not only thought deeply, but loves his subject. He then goes through the whole year from Spring to Winter, and has made careful notes on the time of blooming of the many subjects he mentions. His suggestions on groups are thus particularly valuable to anyone about to lay out or rearrange a garden. Mr. Haworth-Booth has lots to say on the merits and demerits of both plants and methods, and he says it quite unmistakably. The volume is illustrated by his own photographs, all taken of shrubs *in situ*.

It should also be recorded that the third and final volume of Lt.-Col. C. H. Grey's *magnum opus Hardy Bulbs*, has been published. The two previous volumes have been reviewed in these pages, and it is needless to say that the same high standard has been maintained. The present volume deals with Liliaceae, and as this large family provides so many beautiful flowers it will probably be the most popular of the three. It is illustrated by Mrs. Grey's delightful drawings, many of which are in colour. We congratulate the author on the sucesssful completion of a task which must have cost enormous labour. R. G. E. WILLISON

The Language of Sport. By C. E. HARE. *Country Life.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This is an altogether fascinating book, and one's only complaint can be that the title is misleading. Readers will not find here what "a light in every window" means at shove-ha'penny, or a "scissors hold" at wrestling; for Mr. Hare sport means hunting, shooting and fishing. Within this restriction his book is admirably complete. The terminology is as abstruse and distinct as that of heraldry. Animals do not merely leave tracks; the hart leaves a slot, the deer a foiling, the fox a print, the buck a view, and so on. So it is with every detail of animal and bird life as the sportsman knows it. Many of these catalogues are superb from a purely literary point of view, and people will find themselves reading Mr. Hare, as Walkley used to read hunting reports in the *Times*, for the sake of the words. Thus the following sounds at rutting time are distinguished: a hart belleth, a buck groans or troats, a roe bellows, a hare beats or taps, an otter whines, a boar freams, a fox barks, a badger shrieks, a wolf howls, a goat rattles. Hawking is given a glossary to itself and it includes such terms as "Bathing, action of a hawk when it refreshes itself," "Petty-singles, small toes of a hawk," and "Feaking, wiping the bill after feeding." Some delightful phrases have fallen out of use and "Currant jelly: A term used when hounds are running hare" has almost the smack of cant.

The Convent. By ALYSE SIMPSON. *Dent.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This book is presented to us as a true description of life in a Swiss convent by one who was a novice, and then decided to return to the world. We are not told whether it is a translation, and even if it is authentic, it certainly is not always plausible or accurate; but admittedly it was written twenty years after the experiences it describes. The picture of conventual life is frequently convincing: it has not the horror of a similar French book, *J'étais Carmélite*, but the Order to which this convent belonged was much less strict. On her own confession the authoress never had a vocation, and the most damaging fact in her book—if we are to accept its accuracy—is that the religious authorities accepted her, and other novices, with such perfunctory examination. There are painful descriptions of diet, always unhealthy and occasionally poisonous, of the frequent tuberculosis and insanity, and of the undue interest in profit-making. But the conventual life is based upon the theory that voluntary suffering on earth is credited in a heavenly balance-sheet, and brings happiness in the after life to others as well as to oneself. A convent is no place for those unable to accept entirely this belief, which alone makes sense of what to unbelievers must appear a masochistic self-immola-

tion; and if this book be believed, the proportion of mystics supported by absolute faith was in her convent very small. The writer is not vindictive, and gives some vivid pictures—the author yielding to the temptation of an apple, and being caught munching it; a nun teaching gymnastics to a class of girls and hanging in her ponderous black from a trapeze. The book has more the air of a novel based upon a little experience than of scrupulous autobiography.

Paper Credit of Great Britain. By HENRY THORNTON. *Allen and Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Requiem Mass was sung over Henry Thornton on April 1st by his descendant Mr. E. M. Forster in this paper. So much for Thornton's soul. As an economist he was second only to Ricardo in the classical school. Thornton's original contributions to economics are accurately and exhaustively listed in Professor Hayek's introduction to the present reprint. Suffice to say that the *Paper Credit* (1802) is still well worth reading for other than antiquarian reasons. So much for Thornton's economics. Since 1930 the London School of Economics, in response to a growing demand, has reprinted as cheaply as possible scarce tracts in economic science. Now Messrs. Allen and Unwin have entered the market, with Thornton as No. 2 on their list. The standard of scholarship in selection and editing is guaranteed by a formidable editorial board conducted by Dr. P. N. Rosenstein-Rodan, the greatest of all experts on the history of economic thought. Our only quarrel with this enterprise is with the binding, at any rate of the present volume. The dust cover is overcrowded with print but of excellent paper. When one has discarded it with a pang there are, however, revealed on nice brown cloth the most awful glittering blue letters.

Ten Years Under the Earth. By NORBERT CASTERET. Translated and Edited by BARROWS MUSSEY. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The most eminent of all spelæologists, M. E-A. Martel, writes an introduction to this book by the most brilliant of his followers. M. Casteret's audacity and judgment have been rewarded with spectacular successes. He discovered the deepest abyss in France, which he named the "Gouffre Martel": he discovered the clay lion and bear, modelled in early Magdalenian times, in the cavern of Montespan; he established the facts about the chief source of the Garonne. "My hand is more skilful with pick and rope than with the pen; but my familiarity with underground solitudes worthy of Dante must be my justification for writing this book. I learned it intensely, long before I could write it." Unluckily M. Casteret's modesty is not altogether unjustified: he relates his magnificently bold achievements in an attractively matter-of-fact style, but he lacks the specific literary gift with which some explorers have been endowed. His essays on prehistoric art are not of much value. The exploration of caverns demands stronger nerve even than the most exigent forms of mountaineering: the spelæologist has to swim under water through siphons, hoping to find air the other side, he has to descend tumultuous cascades, to worm his way for hours through pipe-like passages, while at any moment he may be overwhelmed by a pocket of poison-gas or a sudden irruption of water. Some of M. Casteret's most notable feats have been achieved moreover in solitude, and nowhere can solitude be more awe-inspiring than in the black intestines of the earth. His book can be recommended not only to amateurs of pot-boiling, but to the general public, as an account of a little publicised form of scientific sport. The translation and illustrations are excellent.

Life's A Circus. By LADY ELEANOR SMITH. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Life is not a circus, and no good book can be written by thinking it so. Lady Eleanor Smith's book is mildly entertaining because she has a certain amount of enterprise and courage, and a journalist's eye. But a fancy for the circus and the Bull Ring is not enough, so a formidable egotism tries to fill the gap. The best chapter is about her father. It is a pity that more of the book is not. One admires Lady Eleanor Smith for slapping the face of a Portuguese Customs Officer, but when she writes, *apropos* of an early visit to Madame Tussaud's:

> To-day, when I read that a murderer is about to be hanged on a certain date, I am unable to sleep the night before, and, if I do doze off, I wake apprehensively just before the fatal hour. Stupid, if you like, but the moral is that one should never take children to the Chamber of Horrors.

—one could wish her acquaintance with morals deeper. There are, she tells us, "days when you are lucky if you write six words, four of which must be erased." Long may this luck hold!

BOOKS TO COME

Autobiographies covering the period of youth and infancy are becoming even more fashionable. Mr. Howard Spring joins the ranks of recollecters in prosperity with *Heaven Lies About Us*, which will be published by Constable on August 22nd. It is the story of a small boy living in a back street in Cardiff, of his ingenious ways of earning odd pennies, of his first job at the age of twelve, followed by a succession of miserable slaveries, until the boy became a messenger in a newspaper office and realised that his vocation was journalism. He educated himself at night schools, wrote stories in his "spare time" and finally got one of them into a weekly paper.

Dent will publish on August 24th *The Man of Love*, a new collection of stories and poems by Dylan Thomas—seventeen poems and seven stories. The verse contribution consists of Mr. Thomas's work over the last two years since the publication of the *Twenty-Five Poems* hailed with such enthusiasm by Miss Edith Sitwell, whilst the stories have been selected from a large number to represent all aspects of the author's prose. Thus they range from two perfectly intelligible studies composed before Mr. Thomas was twenty—he is now twenty-four—to the wild obscurities of his later years. The poems, on the other hand, seem to gain in lucidity as the poet grows older. There is a frontispiece portrait of the author by Augustus John.

A complete collection of the humorous verse of Hilaire Belloc is coming from Duckworth on August 24th under the title *Cautionary Verses*. Until now, Mr. Belloc's cautions have only been obtainable in separate volumes. Those who have sought in vain for *The Modern Traveller*, which has been long out of print, will be glad to find it here.

Duckworth will publish on the same day *You and Yourself*, by Merle Eyles, a modern version of the etiquette books for young ladies which were the support of our grandmothers. It is addressed to girls of sixteen years and upwards and covers such subjects as "You and Your Parents," "You and Your Boy Friends," "You and Your Job," "You and Your Parties" and "You and Your Marriage." The author is herself only twenty-five, so remembers her own problems.

Mr. H. W. Horwill, author of *Modern American Usage*, has come to the conclusion that, in spite of Hollywood, the language of the United States is not yet fully understood in this country. He is equally convinced that the Englishman's English is only partially comprehensible in Ohio and Detroit. Hence he has compiled *An Anglo-American Interpreter*, a vocabulary and phrase book which will be published by the Oxford University Press in September. It is hoped that the volume will be serviceable not only to the travellers of the English-speaking nations but also to readers and film-goers who still find themselves slightly dazed.

The O.U.P. will also publish in September a *Concise Oxford Dictionary of English Literature*, adapted by J. A. E. Mulgan from Sir Paul Harvey's *Oxford Companion to English Literature*, which was first issued in 1932. Whilst much of the detailed information contained in the original work has been eliminated, all entries which deal with the central matter of English literature have been retained, though often in a shortened form, and all authors of any importance together with their works, characters from books and plays, and historical and mythological references, are included. Additional articles summarise literary periods and general literary subjects, whilst a somewhat greater number of entries has been included dealing with contemporary writers, English and American.

New York City Guide, a companion volume to *New York Panorama*, produced and sponsored by the Federal Writers' Project, will be published by Constable on August 22nd. Whilst the Panorama gave a general survey of the life and history of the city, the Guide describes each borough and the various sections within it as they are to-day. It opens with a section of practical information: classified lists of hotels and restaurants; schedules of entertainments and other amusements; a calendar of public and sporting events; details of museums, galleries, etc.; and an explanation of the city's transport system. A supplementary chapter is devoted to the World Fair. The Guide is lavishly illustrated with maps and photographs.

The life of *Sir Austen Chamberlain*, by Sir Charles Petrie, will be published by Cassell in the autumn. The first instalment will cover the life of Sir Austen from his childhood to the outbreak of the Great War. The biography is built up round Chamberlain's own letters. Volume II will appear in the spring of 1940.

MARIE SCOTT-JAMES

Week-end Competitions

No. 493

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for the best list of six Don'ts to guide the foreigner invited to an English week-end party.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Aug. 18th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 unless otherwise stated.

APOLLO. **Of Mice and Men.** Tu. & Th.

COMEDY. **Tony Draws a Horse.** Wed., Fri.

DRURY LANE. **The Dancing Years.** W., S.

DUCHESS. **The Corn is Green.** Tues., Thu.

HIS MAJESTY'S. **The Devil to Pay.** W., Sat.

PALACE. **Under Your Hat.** Tues. & Thurs.

QUEEN'S. **Dear Octopus.** Weds., Sats.

THEATRES

APOLLO. GERrard 2663.
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
OF MICE AND MEN
CLAIRE LUCE, JOHN MILLS, NIALL MACGINNIS.

COLISEUM, Charing X. TEMple Bar 3161.
Commc. Aug. 14th. NIGHTLY 6.30 & 9.
For One Week Only
GAS LIGHT
Prices: 1/-, 2/-, 3/-, 3/6 and 5/-

COMEDY. (Whi. 2578.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.
LILIAN BRAITHWAITE in
TONY DRAWS A HORSE
250th Performance September 4th.

DRURY LANE. (TEMple Bar 7171.)
Evenings, 8.0. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARY ELLIS and IVOR NOVELLO
THE DANCING YEARS

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) Evgs., 8.30. Tues., Thu., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE and EMLYN WILLIAMS in
THE CORN IS GREEN
A Comedy by EMLYN WILLIAMS.

HIS MAJESTY'S. WHItehall 6606.
EVENINGS, 8.30 prompt. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE DEVIL TO PAY
BY DOROTHY L. SAYERS.

PALACE. (Ger. 6834.) Evgs., 8.15. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.
LEE EPHRAIM PRESENTS
JACK HULBERT and CICELY COURTNEIDGE in
UNDER YOUR HAT

QUEEN'S. Ger. 4517. Reopening Mon. Next.
Evgs. 8.15 Sharp. Mats., Weds. & Sats., 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST in
"DEAR OCTOPUS." A Comedy by Dodie Smith.

UNITY. (Eus. 5391.) EVENINGS, ex. Mons., 8.30.
COLONY
by Geoffrey Trease. Produced by Herbert Marshall.
Seats, 1/- to 3/6. Members only (Subscr. 1/-, Share 1/-).
Unity Theatre, Goldington Street, N.W.1.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) Nightly 6.20 & 9.
LUPINO LANE in
ME AND MY GIRL
with TEDDIE ST. DENIS
HOME OF THE "LAMBETH WALK." Over 1,000 PERFS.

REPERTORY THEATRE

BARN THEATRE, SHERE.
MONDAY NEXT, AUG. **14th**, FOR ONE WEEK.
Evenings, 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
The Elusive Legacy
(Le Légataire Universel by Regnard).
Translated by Alice Gachet. Producer, Nicholas Crocker.
Entrance by Membership Ticket, obtainable free, in advance, from the Theatre. (Tel.: Shere 245.)

FILMS

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981
LOUIS JOUVET
in Pabst's gripping Chinese adventure
"LE DRAME DE SHANGHAI" (A)
A tale of Shanghai and the Japanese menace.

Films—continued

BERKELEY Cinema, Berkeley St. May. 8505.
RAIMU in
"LA FEMME DU BOULANGER" (A)
3rd month of Marcel Pagnol's brilliant French satirical comedy. ADULTS ONLY.

EVERYMAN (opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham 2285
MONDAY, AUGUST 14TH, FOR THREE DAYS
Raymond Massey in **BLACK LIMELIGHT** (A)
THURSDAY, AUGUST 17TH, FOR FOUR DAYS
Charles Laughton in **VESSEL OF WRATH** (A)

LONDON PAVILION. GERrard 2982.
Continuous daily, from 10 a.m.
Chester Morris, Ralph Bellamy, Ann Dvorak in
"BLIND ALLEY" (A)
also "MY SON IS A CRIMINAL" (A)

CONCERTS

QUEEN'S HALL
B.B.C. PROMENADE CONCERTS
SAT., AUG. 12th and NIGHTLY at 8.
FORTY-FIFTH Season Conducted by
SIR HENRY J. WOOD
B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
FULL PROGRAMMES NOW READY
2s. to 7s. 6d. Season (Promenade) 37s. 6d., 21s., at B.B.C. BROADCASTING HOUSE (Wel. 4468). CHAPPELL'S, QUEEN'S HALL (Lan. 2823).

EXHIBITION

ARTISTS OF FAME AND PROMISE.
200 Paintings. Watercolours and Bronzes.
LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Sq. 10-6. Sats., 10-1.

"SMALLS" RATES

3d. a word ★ for single insertions.

4d. for words in CAPS (except the first). Lines in Caps 1/9.

Series Discounts: 5% for 3 insertions; 10% for 13 insertions; 15% for 26 and 20% for 52.

Minimum Twelve Words.

Box Numbers—1/- extra. This charge includes forwarding replies.

Box Number replies should be addressed "Box No. . . . c/o New Statesman and Nation, 10 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1."

All small advertisements must be prepaid and copy should arrive by TUESDAY. Please write on ONE SIDE OF PAPER.

Holiday Suggestions— Special cheap rate on application.

★ ONE WORD: Place names, *e.g.*, St. Albans, Ashton-under-Lyne, Golders Green. 'Phone numbers, *e.g.*, HOL. 3216. 'Phone 2414. Groups of five letters or figures, *e.g.*, Y.M.C.A. or S.W.18, etc. TWO WORDS: Number and name of street, *e.g.*, 24 St. George's Street, 24 Broadway

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs

One Year, post free	30s. 0d.
Six Months ,, ,,	15s. 0d.
Three ,, ,, ,,	7s. 6d.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1.

RESTAURANTS

THERE service crowns your table, Inspiriting, urbane. Cooking most masterly rules in Maiden Lane. RULES, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. MUS. 6428.

COME to Mrs. Cook's, where the food is excellent and does you good. The cooking is different from the usual restaurant type. Famous for nine years for quality and value. MRS. COOK'S, 12 Denman Street, Piccadilly Circus.

GREEK RESTAURANT. The White Tower, 1 Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road (Mus. 2187). For Shashliks, Pilaffs, Musakas, Stuffed Vine-leaves and all Greek and Near-Eastern Specialities.

FRESH FRUIT

FINEST PERSHORE EGG PLUMS. 12 lbs. 3s. 6d., 24 lbs. 6s. 6d. Carriage paid. Empties free. Send for list. J. E. STANTON, 5 Swan Terrace, Evesham.

PERSONAL

HEALTHY eight-year-old Jewish Boy is in need of hospitality to enable him to come to this country from Czechoslovakia. Please apply Flat 745, Mount Royal, W.1.

£100 WANTED
for training of two Jewish boys still in Germany and in constant danger. Box 5846.

DOGGEREL verse writers, caricaturists, photographers, distributors and others wanted for new "ginger" propaganda organisation, to work inside and outside the Party. Broadsheet distributors wanted for the provinces. London group meeting August 22nd. Particulars: Box 5861.

FOR those who are not quite able to deal with normal life, a real home with understanding and experienced care, on psychological lines is offered in beautiful country house.—Drs. references. Box 5476.

YOUNG Englishman wishes to meet young German for mutual language lessons; interested theatre, films, books, travel, Left politics. London or near. References exchanged. Box 5873.

MAGPIE PLAYERS, University Travelling Theatre, touring Cotswolds Aug. 24th to Sept. 2nd, need cheap hire Caravan and Trailer. Proceeds to Oxford Refugee Fund. Write: JOHN TROTMAN, Lincoln College, Oxford.

RUSSIAN tuition, in all branches, by trained, experienced native lady teacher. London references, Central. Box 5248.

SHORTHAND-TYPING. One hour's voluntary help invited. St. Francis Hospital, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.

ANTHONY PANTING. Photographic portraits from 2 gns. 5 Paddington Street, London, W.1.

A TIN of TOM LONG 'bacey by his plate: "A Happy Birthday" from his loving mate.

DETECTIVES. Divorce, Enquiries, etc. Terms moderate. Consultations free. UNIVERSAL DETECTIVES, 12 Henrietta Street, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 8504.

NUDIST CLUB, RESIDENTIAL; 15 minutes from Marble Arch (Telephone: Gla. 6153). Equipped for table tennis, artificial sunlight, exercises, dancing, darts, etc., hot and cold showers. Write enclosing stamped envelope. SECRETARY: 72 Shoot Up Hill, N.W.2.

MEAT EATING INVOLVES CRUELTY
WHY NOT TRY VEGETARIANISM?
Free Literature, including Recipes, from
THE VEGETARIAN SOCIETY, 57 Princes Street, Manchester, 2.

"THE ART OF RECORD BUYING"
Few gramophone users have time to compare all available versions of the particular works they wish to add to their collection. To help them make their choice we issue a booklet, "The Art of Record Buying," which gives the best recording of over 1,000 classical works. Send 2d. in stamps for a free copy. E.M.G. HAND-MADE GRAMOPHONES, LIMITED, 11 Grape Street, London, W.C.2. TEM. 7166-7.

MISCELLANEOUS

HAVE your favourite suit copied exactly in a "John Peel" Cumberland Tweed, £4 17s. 6d. Fit guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns and particulars post free. REDMAYNE, LTD., 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

HEALTH

MISS J. D. WALLINGTON (and Mrs. Helen Whitticom). Health Practitioner, Osteopath, and Bonesetter, treats all conditions of ill-health by natural methods. Consultations by appointment. 1 Ashley Place, S.W.1. Tel.: Victoria 0131; and 2 Norton Way North, Letchworth. Tel.: Letchworth 885.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 491

Set by Raymond Mortimer

The usual prizes are offered for an English poem, not necessarily a sonnet, on the same theme as Baudelaire's *Recueillement*.

Sois sage, ô ma Douleur, et tiens-toi plus tranquille
Tu réclamais le Soir ; il descend ; le voici :
Une atmosphère obscure enveloppe la ville,
Aux uns portant la paix, aux autres le souci.

Pendant que des mortels la multitude vile,
Sous le fouet du Plaisir, ce bourreau sans merci,
Va cueillir des remords dans le fête servile,
Ma Douleur, donne-moi la main ; viens par ici,

Loin d'eux. Vois se pencher les défuntes Années,
Sur les balcons du ciel, en robes surannées ;
Surgir du fond des eaux le Regret souriant ;

Le Soleil moribond s'endormir sous une arche,
Et, comme un long linceul traînant à l'Orient,
Entends, ma chère, entends la douce Nuit qui marche.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

Mea culpa. There were many competitors and they demonstrated their courage in the most various ways, but the poem I unwisely chose does not lend itself to even the most free version. Its extraordinary beauty depends upon a perfect harmony of words and images ; if you keep close to the original, the English words fail to carry the necessary weight, and if you try to find other images, the result looks colourless and flaccid compared with the original. I have sought to judge the entries as if they were original English poems, intending to give the prize to the best. But none of them convinces me. Maurice Edelman, Hugh Shearman, Cleic, Biqi Selwyn, Anne Fremantle and Henry Gifford were the boldest ; Thomas Bodkin, M. R. D., Guy Innes, R. S. Jaffray, Alexandre, and Willy Tadpole were the most skilful of those that kept their eye on the original. Even when one forgets the splendour of Baudelaire, none of the entries is satisfactory in craftsmanship. After the usual hesitation, I recommend that the prize-money be divided between three competitors : Willy Tadpole writes fair Housman, but I doubt if there is such a word as "aloofly" ; M. R. D. spoils his well-fashioned verses by making "jewel" a monosyllable ; and Henry Gifford's sonnet peters out.

REVERIE

Hush Sorrow ! Night is here, for whom we longed ;
Form is dissolved in twilight ; darkness brings
Comfort or care to all whom daylight wronged.
While the weak, persecuted rabble flings
In pleasure's furnace all its hopes and fears,
Here is my hand ; give me your quiet wings.

And we will travel back to where the years
Shabby and old, weep down upon the pool
Whose ripples lend a sparkle to their tears.
The sun grows dusky like a tarnished jewel
And night, the mourner comes ; how calm, how cool !

M. R. D.

Be wise O ! grief, and yield not ;
Behold the night is here.
A haze above the city
Is hovering like a fear.

Abroad the soulless rabble
On pleasure's headlong course
Seek joy, and gather only
The garland of remorse.

But bear thyself aloofly
O grief, and far from these
Regret shall smile upon thee
From heavenly balconies.

The day shall die in lustre
Of starlight, and o'erhead
The soft night shall move eastward
With slow unhurried tread.

"WILLY TADPOLE"

Time to be quiet now : the streets are still,
The darkness hovers : faces through the gloom,
And feet that walk through London like a tomb—
The sunset flare drawn out on Hampstead hill.

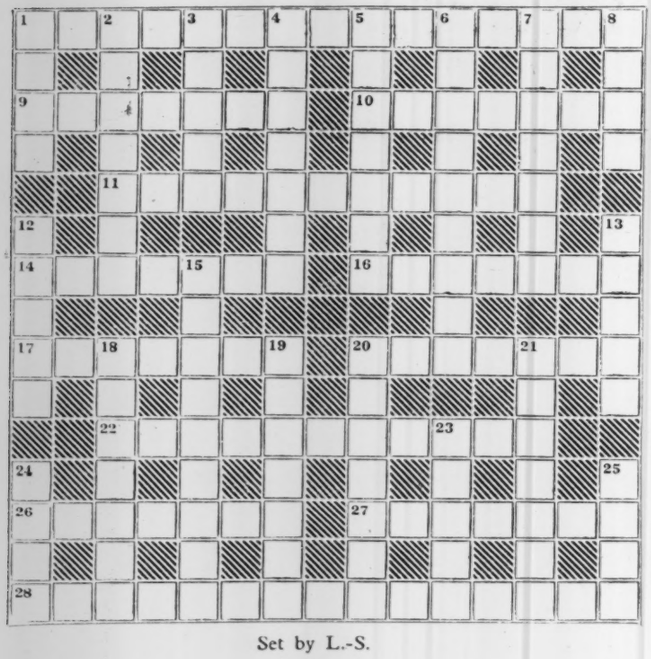
Come, stare into the darkness : you can see
The face of Spain embodied in those skies,
And with the nightfall every moment dies
Some part of Europe struggling to be free.

So many nights, and at the end of each
Some new and maddening Munich of the heart
That breaks within the world a tiny breach
Of agony : we also have our part
In this dim tragedy that creeps above
Blotting out faith and trampling upon love.

HENRY GIFFORD

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 492

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to 'CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Mrs. Shirren, 5 Warnham Road, Hornsea

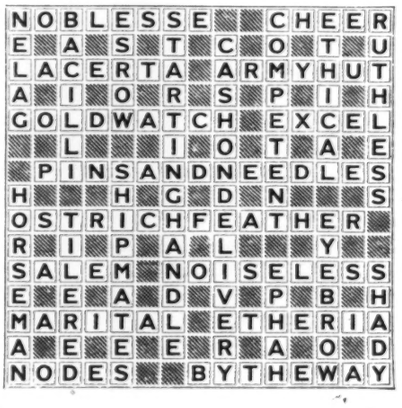
ACROSS.

1. Female society in the country. (15)
9. Somebody borrows from K.A. (7)
10. One drug perhaps—for an operation ? (7)
11. Bill the Lizard's squeaked. (11)
14. Wearing singular sports garment. (7)
16. In 13 architecturally. (7)
17. (rev.) If stays have to be altered they must be made adequate. (7).
20. Celtic craft that might be called an early light ship. (7)
22. He returned unfortune-ately. (11)
26. Coiner's leavings. (7)
27. "And — I plight thee my troth." (7)
28. Umpire's last words at Wimbledon. (15)

DOWN

1. Craftily left behind. (4)
2. Let moss be a substitute. (7)
3 (rev.). Ann is articled. (5)
4. One usually has a close-up to do this. (7)
5. Such a squash would of course make one tight. (7)
6. A "show" device. (9)
7. Takes the "wind" out ? (7)
8. Will give you a sore back. (4)
12. Her speech was godly. (5)
13. Seats in Variety. (5)
15. The opposite of indwellings. (9)
18. His mops were used for it. (7)
19. How to set about to kill. (7)
20. Charles X (7).
21. Net cost of the match. (7)
23. Usual effect of a boil. (5)
24 (rev.). One needs guts to give such a blow. (4)
25. He generally finished the war. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



THE GROUP THEATRE

wants more members

SINCE 1932 THE PLAYS PRODUCED HAVE INCLUDED

SWEENEY AGONISTES: *by T. S. Eliot.* FULGENS AND LUCRECE: *by Henry Medwall (the first English secular comedy).* THE DANCE OF DEATH: *by W. H. Auden.* THE DOG BENEATH THE SKIN: *by W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood.* THE AGAMEMNON OF AESCHYLUS: *translated by Louis MacNeice.* THE ASCENT OF F6: *by W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood (presented in association with Ashley Dukes), also the recent revival at the Old Vic.* OUT OF THE PICTURE: *by Louis MacNeice.* TRIAL OF A JUDGE: *by Stephen Spender.* THE HUMAN VOICE: *by Jean Cocteau.* ON THE FRONTIER: *by W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood.*

DIRECTORS: *Production:* Rupert Doone.
Literary: Stephen Spender.
Decor.: Robert Medley, John Piper.
Music: Benjamin Britten, Brian Easdale.

Activities include lectures, debates, exhibitions, but to extend these *more members are needed.*

Annual Subscription £1 1s. Students and working T.U. members 7s. 6d.

For further particulars apply to the Secy., Group Theatre Rooms, 9, Gt. Newport Street, W.C.2. (TEM. 6382)

YOU

can help to secure safety at sea—

For 115 years British Life-boatmen have been saving human life daily. This magnificent work costs £300,000 each year to maintain its traditional standard of service to humanity on the seas. Help to secure this safety at sea by sending a gift to-day.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

LIFE-BOAT HOUSE, 42, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1

The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer.
Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

WALES

Eisteddfod Number August 7th

Caradoc Evans **Hugh MacDiarmid**
Rhys Davies **Keidrych Rhys**
many others

40 pages **6 pence**

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate, &c. **Plate Powder** 6d 1/- & 2/-

"Goddard's" Liquid Polish 9d & 1/3

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY OF CAPE TOWN

APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN.

The University of Cape Town invites applications for the post of Librarian, which will be vacant from January 1st, 1940. The salary is £750 per annum. The appointment will be for a probationary period of three years in the first instance.

Applicants must be University graduates and must submit evidence of special qualifications and experience in librarianship. The librarian will be required, in addition to carrying out the duties involved in running the library, to supervise the teaching for the course of instruction in librarianship conducted by the University, and to do part of the teaching.

Applications (six copies) must reach the Secretary, Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2 (from whom forms of application and further particulars may be obtained) not later than September 8th, 1939.

ASSISTANT wanted; September; nursery class; music; painting; crafts. Long Dene School, Jordans, Beaconsfield.

YOUNG WOMAN (23), B.A. Hons. Psychology, just spent 7 months as private secretary, wants intelligent non-commercial job, preferably connected education, literature, countryside preservation, but anything interesting welcomed. Box 5816.

CHILD'S Psychologist, Austrian, kindergarten-trained, with teaching permit, specialised in handling problem children, seeks post; school, children's home, kindergarten. Box 5840.

MARRIED couple urgently seek post. Wife in England, domesticated, excellent cook, highly recommended. Husband must leave Germany. FRAU FEINGOLD, c/o Mrs. Lean, 2 Hook Hill, Sanderstead.

COLONIAL, male, 36, graduate Education, Psychology, experience free lance journalism and ghosting; own typewriter; seeks whole or part time employment. Box 5856.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates, and all information on page 259

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

DUPLICATING (Testimonials, Reports, etc.)
TYPEWRITING (Theses, Plays, etc.)
SHORTHAND—Verbatim or condensed reporting
METROPOLITAN TYPEWRITING AND REPORTING OFFICES,
75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Tel.: Holborn 6182.

DUPLICATING and TYPEWRITING, etc. Authors' MSS., Novels, Plays, Schedules, etc. All work guaranteed proof-read and checked. PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES, LIMITED, 7 Prince St., Hanover Sq., W.1. (Mayfair 3163-4).

FAULTLESS TYPEWRITING AND DUPLICATING. Specialists in confidential and technical work. Personal, prompt, dependable service. MISS GIBBS' BUREAU, LTD., 353, Strand, W.C.2.

INTELLIGENT TYPEWRITING: Novels, Plays, Theses, Articles copied efficiently. Guaranteed checked: German, French. Keen prices. LEE, 18 Kings Drive. Edgware 1046.

CARLTON LITERARY BUREAU, 11d Regent Street, S.W.1, types literary MSS at lowest rates compatible with first-class work. Also revision, duplicating, translation, etc.

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, Etc.
For Sale, To Let and Wanted

COTTAGE and orchard, lonely, Dorset, £325 Freehold. H. & c. 4 rooms. APPELBE, 7 New Square, W.C.2.

FOWEY, Cornwall. Facing harbour. Furnished 10-roomed detached house in own grounds. H. & C. lav. To let August to October or shorter. Box 5749.

LONDON FURNISHED COTTAGE (Purley). Accommodate two. Modern conveniences. Quiet district. Garden. Write: SWALE, 28 Border Road, Sydenham, S.E.26.

TO LET. Furnished, together or separate, two very attractive cottages. Lovely situation. Absolute country. Cheap rent. Bures 267. Box 5848.

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, Etc.
—continued

MODERN COTTAGE. Superb position Sussex Downs. 4 miles sea, 2 miles excellent train service. 6 bedrooms, garage. All electric. Main water. Show garden. To let cheaply from September, any period. Owner, Pays Dick, Patching, Sussex.

SOMERSET. Thatched cottage, furnished, 2 reception, 5 bed., nursery, garage. October/March. 2 *guineas* weekly. BEVAN, Lydmarsh, Chard, Somerset.

WEST END (few minutes). Two rooms, kitchen and bathroom Flats; lift, carpeted corridors, modern building. Resident Caretaker. From 30s. per week. CYRIL LEONARD & Co., Angel House, Angel, N.1 Terminus 2413.

CHELSEA—best position. Upper part to let in private house, September. Three to four rooms, moderate rent. Constant hot water. Box 5795.

CITY (near). Modern building, 2/3-roomed Flats, kitchen, bathroom; from 27s. 6d. per week. CYRIL LEONARD & Co., Angel House, Angel, N.1. Terminus 2413.

A MODERN FLAT IN THE COUNTRY makes the best of both worlds. Park House, Welwyn, has self-contained all-electric flats with every modern convenience, including a Sports Club, restaurant, and the finest departmental Store in Herts. From £55 p.a.—£150 p.a. inclusive of rates and electricity hiring charges. Half an hour from King's Cross, in the centre of the most interesting town in England. 'Phone for particulars or write to N. S. WILLIAMS, the Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City. Welwyn Garden 3456.

TWO lofty and spacious flats to let at Bromley, Kent. First and second floors, 3 and 4 bedrooms, 2 reception, kitchen and bath. Absolutely modern, attractive gardens. £90 and £140 inc. Apply Box 5874.

HIGHBURY. Two-, three- and four-roomed Flats, kitchen, bathroom; from £91 per annum. Lifts, central heating, hot water, modern building. CYRIL LEONARD & Co., Angel House, Angel, N.1. Terminus 2413.

During the first half of the year this paper sold

30,781 copies a week

Ask for current certificate of Net Sale

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

MARKETS AND THE AUTUMN—RUBBER SHARES—
JULY BANKING FIGURES

WITH less than a month to go before Herr Hitler meets his cohorts at the annual Party Rally, markets have fallen into, and are likely to remain in, a state of suspended animation. Even if it were technically possible to sell short in any big way, there are too many possibilities of peace being preserved by an appeasement "twist" for operations on the bear tack to be safe. On the other hand, until the critical period—say August 20th to September 15th—is over, the public has clearly made up its mind to stay firmly "on the side-lines." Gilt-edged, which rallied fractionally at the end of last week on a temporary cessation of selling, have been barely steady. New Zealand new stock going to a small discount on Wednesday. Home Rails have marked time pending the outcome of the wage negotiations with the locomotive engineers. Industrials as a whole have been neglected and featureless. The one real topic of market interest is the probable trend of prices if the precarious fabric of European peace can be kept intact until equinoctial rains make Poland an unpromising *terrain* for mechanised military operations. In that happy event it would be unduly optimistic to look for a major gilt-edged recovery: Defence Loans will still overhang the market. Nor do I look for a sustained bull movement in equities. Apart from N.D.C. and A.P.D. deductions from profits—to say nothing of the virtual certainty of much higher income tax next year—it is scarcely to be supposed that more can be achieved this autumn than, at best, another breathing space—at the price, it may be, of a further instalment of Danegeld, and at the cost certainly of continued tension and anxiety over next spring's prospects. None the less, a peaceful October might easily see a brief market "boomlet." After all, the current average prices of industrial shares take no account of a 15 per cent. rise in industrial activity, and, by October, signs of an inflationary trend helpful to equities should be more apparent.

* * *

In the event of an autumn rally I should expect the upward movement to be led by commodity shares. Making due allowance for the reserves of output capacity which can be released under restriction schemes, the statistical position of non-ferrous metals has greatly improved of late. Copper consumption is rapidly improving, and stocks outside the U.S.A. represent barely two months' supply. Tin is temporarily pegged at £230 per ton by sales at that price from the Buffer Pool; but a desirable ratio between tin and cash in the Pool is being re-established, and if the present rate of consumption is sustained, it should be possible to permit increased export quotas without disturbing the price. The lead and spelter situation is also improving, and rubber—with British stocks halved in comparison with a year ago—has now risen to over 8½*d.* a pound. For those who take an optimistic view of the political outlook, an investment spread between Rhokana, London Tin and New Broken Hill is a reasonable hedge against inflation, though in the case of the last named shares a little patience must be exercised.

* * *

As for rubbers, I give below a brief selection:

	1939 High	1939 Low	Present Price	Earnings	Last Divs.	Gross Yield %
Anglo Dutch £1 ..	28/3	20/-	24/9	5.7	5	£4 0 9
Allied Sumatra £1 ..	17/6	12 7½	15/9	4.0	4	5 1 6
Duff Devel 5/- ..	9/3	6 7½	7 7½	13.6†	10	6 11 3
Kepong 2/-	3/3	2 4½	2 7½	6.4	4½	3 8 6
London Asiatic 2/- ..	3/9	2/9	3 7½	13.1	10	5 10 3
Padang Langkat 2/- ..	1/5¾	1/-	1 1½	6.5	4⅛	7 8 0
Rubber Est. Malaya £1	14/-	10 7½	11/-	5.6	4	7 5 6
Rubber Plant Invest. £1	31/3	23/-	29/6	10.4	10	6 15 9
United Serdang 2/- ..	3 5¼	2/6	3 1½	9.2	9	5 15 3
United Sua Betong £1	55 1½	40 9	46 3	18.0	12	5 3 9

† Adjusted earnings on new capital.

* * *

As I have said before, the market in rubber shares is narrow, so that in the event of a political crisis forced realisation would be likely to involve heavy loss. In present circumstances, I should not advise readers to buy rubbers unless they are prepared to pay for them and ignore temporary fluctuations. Nor do I think it wise to go in for "out of the way" shares, in whose case dealings are particularly difficult. In considering yields, it is a fairly safe assumption that this year's changes in prices and quotas will approximately cancel out. Accordingly, I do not look for any marked changes in distributions on 1939 account, with the exception that a reduction to 6 per cent. is not improbable in the case of Rubber Trusts in whose case a time-lag operates. Kepong and Padang both stand to benefit quickly from rising rubber prices.

* * *

Were I—O impious thought!—the Chancellor of the Exchequer, I should be scratching my head in some perplexity as to the significance of the clearing banks' July average figures. The movements disclosed are peculiar; and though in some respects the apparently paradoxical behaviour of component items is capable of explanation, the general trend is such as to cast doubts on the feasibility of the programme of painless borrowing which Sir John Simon seemingly hopes to carry out. First, there has been a sharp fall of over £5 millions in advances, which now stand at approximately the level of a year ago. In the light of rising employment and production this decline is at first sight surprising. It is probably to be accounted for by reduced demand for accommodation to finance house-building and stock market speculation, and by the fact that Government contracts in progress are in most cases being paid for by instalments. Secondly, though the proportion of liquid assets to deposits has recovered to practically 30 per cent. as the result of a rise of £35 millions in bill portfolios and call money loans, cash has fractionally declined and is now nearly £10 millions lower than a year ago. Furthermore, the figure of investments has once more fallen—to a point nearly £40 millions below the level of July, 1938. What does this signify? Making due allowance for the possibility that there may have been some writing down of values, it seems clear that mere replenishment of liquid assets has not induced the banks automatically to add to their gilt-edged holdings. The banks, in short, are taking an independent (and apparently not over-optimistic) view of gilt-edged prospects. If they are to be persuaded to come vigorously to the Treasury's assistance when the time comes to place a slice of Defence Loan, bank cash will obviously have to be augmented on a considerable scale.

Company Meeting

ASSOCIATED BRITISH PICTURE CORPORATION

MR. JOHN MAXWELL'S ADDRESS

THE 12th Ordinary General Meeting of the Associated British Picture Corporation, Ltd., was held on August 9th, in London.

Mr. John Maxwell (chairman and managing director), who presided, said the directors recommended this year a further transfer to general reserve of £250,000, bringing the total up to £2,875,000. Shareholders would agree that this showed a position of quite considerable strength. All departments of the business had functioned successfully during the year. The available total of profit, after providing for every kind of charge and expense and bringing in the £81,000 brought forward from the previous year, was £912,086. An interim dividend of 10 per cent. actual, less tax, on the Ordinary shares was paid in January and it was proposed that a final dividend of 10 per cent. actual, less tax, be paid. The Corporation had had a further really successful year and it was to be noted that the trading profit had shown a substantial increase in each of the past six years.

As to the current year, he was glad to state that the results of this year, so far as it had gone, again showed improvement. Short of the complete upheaval which none of them desired, and, perhaps, not many of them expected, there was every likelihood of the Corporation's trading results next year being again as satisfactory as those now before them.

In the consolidated statement the combined assets now represented a total of nearly £18,000,000, with reserves and undistributed profit balances amounting to approximately £4,000,000, as against the share capital of £4,000,000.

The relations of the trade, as a whole, with the Government and with local government bodies, with whom it was in close and constant contact, remained excellent and he thought he could perceive to-day a greater understanding of the needs and problems of that important industry than had existed at any time in the past. He need hardly say that he welcomed this, and had no doubt that it would continue and grow stronger. He also welcomed some evidence of revival in the British film production business. In the case of their own corporation, production had proceeded steadily through the past 12 years and he was glad to feel that they had that record of consistency.

The report was unanimously adopted.

Holiday Suggestions

London

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Great Russell St., W.C.1. Telephones and free electric heating in all bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9*s*. 6*d*. per night. Illustrated Booklet and Inclusive Terms on application.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3*d*. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5*s*. a night or 30*s*. weekly: with dinner, 6*s*. 6*d*. a night or 35*s*. to 2 *gns*. weekly. Vic. 7289.

North of London

GLORIOUS Cotswolds. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham. Convenient centre rail or road. Modernised throughout. Excellent cuisine. Terms from 3 *guineas*.

South

EASTBOURNE. "Mona House," Compton Street. Small comf. pte. hotel. Two mins. sea, Devonshire Pk. Excellent cuisine, service. Mod. inc. terms. MATTHEWS. 'Phone: 2597.

FOR peaceful holiday, perfect surroundings, unlimited walks, easily accessible, stay at Timberscombe Guest House, Fernhurst, Haslemere. Tel.: Fernhurst 6.

QUEEN ANNE with modern comfort. Facing sea. Safe bathing, ideal family parties. Tennis, Golf. Full August. Rookcliff, Milford-on-Sea.

BENBECULA, DITCHLING, SUSSEX. Small Guest House. Delightful position facing Downs. H. & C. in all rooms. Moderate terms. Telephone: Hassocks 146.

SEAFORD. MISS MITCHELL, Claremont House. (Seaford 3008.) Facing sea; h. and c. water in bedrooms; own garden produce. Vegetarian.

NEW FOREST. Small Guest House. Friendly atmosphere. Peaceful surroundings. Tennis. Riding. Lovely country. LEONARD, The Guest House, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants. Telephone: 2168.

SALTDEAN, Sussex. Modern Guest House, facing sea and Downs. Walesbeech House. Rottingdean 9431. 1288

ISLE OF WIGHT. Country house, mains water, H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, 23 acres, own sea shore, safe bathing, sunbathing enclosures, tennis. Brochure (stamp) N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, I.O.W.

BROADSTAIRS. Guest house, good table, min. sea. 3 *gns*. Special terms family sharing rooms. 5 Dickens Road.

WEST SUSSEX VILLAGE. Quiet holidays near sea and Downs. Home-made fare. 42*s*. SIMONS, Devon Cottage, Westbourne, near Emsworth, Hants.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real Country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone: 61.

SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

KENT. Restful accommodation. Old-world village. Main services, constant hot water, efficient catering. Garage. 'Phone: 252. MRS. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

South West

SOMERSET. Centre walking, motoring tours; quiet, comfortable residence, easy distance sea, golf, polo. Garage. MRS. BRIGHT, Battins Guest House, Alcombe, Minehead.

BOORD'S FARM, Batcombe, Bath, for Mendips, Glastonbury, Wells. Good cooking and comfort.

South West—continued

TORQUAY, Howden Court Hotel. 4 minutes to sea by private path, garden, attractive sun lounge. Private sitting rooms and private bathrooms if required. A.A. appointed. Tel.: 280711.

CHARMOUTH, Dorset. Claremont Guest House. Delightful coastal village. Excellent varied catering. Charming garden. Sea 5 minutes. Rec. A.A. Phone: 36.

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON. South Devon Coast, "Mountway" Guest House. Modern comfort. No accommodation July 29th to August 26th.

REAL modern comfort, home-grown produce, wonderful Atlantic view, 2 acres, all go to make holidays at Rockingham, Westward Ho! Devon, ideal. 2½–4 *gns*. MISS FOLL (Northam 183).

DEVON AND CORNWALL. Ideal Holiday Centres. Free illustrated brochure No. 25. SEASIDE AND COUNTRY GUEST HOUSES, LTD., Dawlish.

CORNWALL (Cape Cornwall). Unique position, 8 miles west of Penzance, overlooking Cape Cornwall and the Atlantic. For hotel accommodation or furnished houses on moderate terms apply MANAGER, Porthledden, St. Just, Cornwall.

SAVERNAKE FOREST. The Forest Hotel. Tel.: Burbage 6. Excellent food. Ideal for walking; forest and downs. Good train service.

DARTMOOR. Delightful Guest House, near golf and fishing. Own horses. Inclusive terms for riding guests. Bagtor House, Ilsington, Newton Abbot. Haytor 203.

WEST SOMERSET, between Minehead and Dulverton; superior farmhouse accommodation; stag-hunting; hacks for hire; rough shooting; fishing. Inclusive. Box 4773.

East and North East

PARK HOUSE. Black Notley, Braintree, Essex, 16th C. Guest House; quiet, informal. 6*s*. a day.

WENSLEYDALE, one mile Aysgarth. Guest House for energetic or restful holidays. Near moors. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, near Leyburn, Yorks.

North West

DON'T travel abroad this year! The new Pillar Hotel, Langdale Estate, nr. Ambleside, set amidst mountains, woods and lakes, offers greater attractions. Squash rackets, tennis, swimming-pool. An ideal centre for climbing and fell walking. Write for brochure or telephone Grasmere 82.

LAKES. Beautiful Buttermere, "Victoria," leading hotel between Honiston Pass and Cockermouth. Swiss balconies. Electricity; h. and c. Unique grounds. Telephone: 2. Pension from £4 5*s*.

West and Wales

"HIGHTREE," Leintwardine, Bucknell, Salop. Ideally centralised for Herefordshire, Shropshire and the Welsh Marches. Trout fishing. Tariff on request.

CONWAY. Gateway to Snowdonia. River, sea and mountains. Stay at Clemence's Criterion Hotel, Castle Street. Cosy divan rooms, 6*s*. 6*d*. with breakfast. Special en pension terms.

PENALLY. Private Guest House, accom. 8 persons, April to November. Special diets studied. Bron Llwyn, Penally, Tenby, Pem. 'Phone: Tenby 56.

N. WALES, BEDDGELERT. Charming small hotel, Snowdonia. A.A. Mountains, rivers, peace; 7 miles sea. Erw Fair Private Hotel.

The A.B.C.

As the alphabet is the corner stone of knowledge so is the Audit Bureau of Circulations the foundation of sound business relations between publisher and advertiser.

No other circulation certificate is so readily accepted by the advertiser as that vouched for by the A.B.C.

Prepared on standardised forms and certified by chartered, incorporated and public accountants in practice, A.B.C. certificates are issued on behalf of every publisher member at regular half-yearly intervals.

The journal in which this notice appears is a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Its actual net sale figures are available to every advertiser, who therefore knows the exact quantity of circulation he is being asked to pay for.

Advertisers should cut out waste by insisting on A.B.C. certificates.

Issued by the A.B.C

Scotland

EDINBURGH GUEST HOUSE. Central. Excellent cuisine. From 7*s*. 6*d*. nightly; from 63*s*. weekly. 45 Manor Place. Tel.: 204191.

EDINBURGH. Manor Hotel, 50 Manor Place. Small, quiet, comfortable, modern. Terms from 13*s*. 6*d*. per day. Reduction per week. Tel.: 228191.

SUTHERLANDSHIRE. Aylmer Vallance personally recommends comfortable croft lodgings, excellent cooking, running water h. and c., sea boat. Vacancies. August, September. Apply MRS. ROSS, Skerricha, Rhiconich, By Lairg.

Ireland

ACHILL ISLAND, West Ireland. Burke's Private Hotel, beside beautiful bathing strand; very fine mountain and cliff scenery. Moderate. Reduction for families. Apply Postmistress, Dugort.

WICKLOW MOUNTAINS. Unique situation. London 10 hours. Open moorland, sheltered gardens, good cooking; 18-hole golf course 5 mins. YOUNG, Carrigoona Cottage, Kilmacanogue.

ACHILL ISLAND. Strand Hotel, Dugort, Mayo. Beautifully situated on finest bathing strand. Magnificent scenery. Hot and cold water. Fully licensed, fishing and shooting. TOM SHERIDAN, Proprietor.

CLIFDEN, Connemara. Rock Glen Hotel. Licensed. H. and C. all rooms. Overlooking Ardbear Bay. Own grounds. Private bathing. Glorious scenery. 4½ *guineas*.

Foreign

PARIS.—Furnished one-room flat to let for holidays. Kitchen, bathroom, constant hot water, 30/- week, including gas, water, electricity. Write 18, Whittlesey, S.E.1.

NORMANDY. Near Dieppe. Mme. Le Blanc receives children of gentlefolk. French family life and conversation. Sea bathing. Hard tennis court. 2½ *gns*. Château Bosc le Comte, Luneray, Seine Inférieure.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER. Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds, direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pens on 7*s*. inclusive.

FRANCE. Near Boulogne. Glorious sands. Bathing from house. Beautiful wooded country. English proprietor. No 10% service. "Les Sapins," St. Etienne-au-Mont, P. de C.

PARIS Vme, Hotel and Pension Alger. 8 rue des Fossés-St. Jacques. Central; heart Latin Quarter. Good rooms from 15 *frs*. daily; special monthly terms.

ACCOMMODATION
To Let and Wanted

CHELSEA. 29 Oakley Street, Flaxman 9864. Really comfortable modern divan rooms, reading lamps, h. & c., ample bathrooms; 25*s*. and 32*s*. 6*d*., including breakfast.

COMFORTABLE Rooms and good food in attractive house in the Chilterns. Convenient for London and Oxford. Beacon Cottage, Aston Rowant, Oxford. Kingston Blount 219.

ETON AVENUE (Swiss Cottage End). International friendship, good food, hot baths, individual liberty sacred. Single, 2 *gns*., double from 35*s*., each full board. Ring Primrose 6466.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH. Divan bed-sitting rooms, h. and c., central heating, breakfast, use kitchen and dining room, quiet, from 23*s*. 6*d*. HAM. 3288. Write 21 Pond Street, N.W.3.

CHISWICK. Tenant leaving after three years recommends furnished rooms in charming old-world private house. Service, garden, mooring rights, near tennis, golf. Chiswick 0160.

CHELSEA. 36 Oakley Street. Comfortable divan rooms from 27*s*. 6*d*. per week, with breakfast, light and service. Dinner optional. Flax. 0276.

BELSIZE PARK. Attractive bed-sitting rooms. Good food; reasonable prices. Apply in evening. SHIPHAM, 44 Glenloch Road, N.W.3.

HYDE PARK. 82 Sussex Gardens, W.2. Ambassador 2941. H. and c. basins. 5*s*. 6*d*. nightly with breakfast, from 23*s*. 6*d*. weekly.

BLOOMSBURY. Anglo-American couple run guest house. Moderate terms. Mr. & Mrs. Crafton Harris, 15 Gordon Street, W.C.1. EUSton 4064.

ATTRACTIVE furnished study-bedroom, 18*s*. 6*d*.; also double, 25*s*. 22 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 1043.

FREE HOUSEHOLD, no restrictions, Chelsea. Bed-sitters. £1-27/6. FLAxman 9970 or SLOane 3842

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special cheap rates are available for advertisements on this page—on application. Other rates and full particulars regarding Classified Advertisements will be found on p. 259.